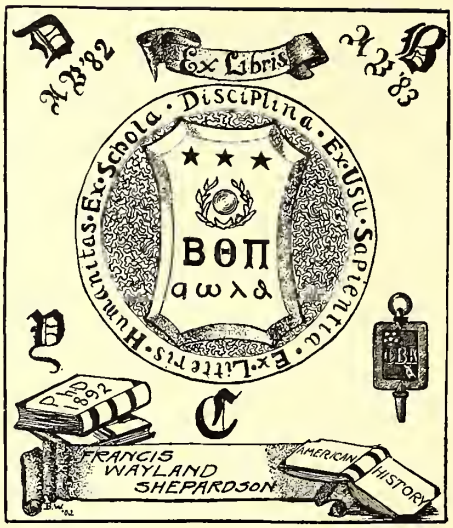

ADYTUM
'03.


Ex Libris
Disciplina · Ex·Usu · Sapientia · Ex·Litteris · Humanitas · Ex·Schola
ΒΘΠ
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ΦΒΔ
Phi Chi 1892
ΦΒΔ
FRANCIS WAYLAND SHEPARDSON
AMERICAN HISTORY

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Denison University

Granville, Ohio

Five Departments

I. Granville College
II. Shepardson College
III. Doane Academy
IV. The Conservatory of Music
V. School of Art

Degrees Conferred

Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Science, Bachelor of Philosophy and the corresponding Master's Degrees.

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For catalogues and other information address the President,
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DENISON

The Adytum 1903

Published by the

Class of 1904

of

Denison University

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Greeting

Immortal muse, whose bounty doth impart
The gift of song divine, the poet's art,
Before thy shrine oft sung in ancient lore
We bow. With rev'rence humbly we implore
That thou with magic touch attune thy lyre.
Within our frail breasts thy power inspire
That we in fitting words may celebrate
The deeds of mighty heroes famed and great.

To thee, kind reader, bring we greetings now,
Good cheer be thine, may pleasures gird thy brow.
Expect not here deep hidden truths to find,
Nor teachings dire and hard of Stoic kind,
But in the storms of life may hither spring
Fond mem'ries that our dreams delight to bring,
Of joys and youthful struggles that were thine
In good old college days of auld lang syne.

—W.



The Year and its Fruits

Who has not heard the proverbial, reminiscent old settler, as he glories in the great deeds of long, long ago? Who has not known old college chums, meeting after a long period of separation, who delight to renew their happy, careless youth by stories of the adventure and endeavor of old college days? Who of us when the years have fled, when manhood and womanhood and the cares of life have cast over college days and college nights the golden glow of memory—who of us will not delight to linger in revery over these days and years and all that makes the daily round of college life? Then will we be proud to remember the year 1902-1903 as one in which our Alma Mater pressed forward to new and greater achievements.

College spirit, so intangible yet so essential and potent in all college life, has flourished as never before. There is no department but has felt its impulse, no student enterprise which has failed to feel its quickening power. Alma Matriotism in its truest and best sense is constantly growing as a vital reality in the life of Denison.

The year in Athletics is one that every student will long remember with pride. The varsity base ball team of 1902 eclipsed the record of the "immortals of '90-'91" both in the quality and quantity of its work. Football, though never Denison's boast, bids fair to rival baseball in popularity and success. The 1902 eleven gave Denison the best foot ball it ever had. Beaver Field, though not yet fully improved, is now doing good service toward popularizing and strengthening athletics. With its efficient coach and abundance of material, the 1903 base ball team is most auspiciously beginning its season.

Another feature of student life which deserves mention here is the fraternity house idea—one in which Denison ranks with

the first, all her chapters being housed in spacious and elegant homes owned by the respective fraternities.

In no branch of college life is college spirit more actively at work to-day than in literary work. A spirited contest with thirteen contestants, a most excellent showing in the State contest, the active steps now being taken toward the formation of a strong debating league with three other colleges of high rank, the awakening interest in the literary societies, and the strong work done in our department of oratory—all these speak louder than words.

The work of the Conservatory has been greatly strengthened by the installation of a beautiful new pipe organ, so generously placed in Recital Hall by a man whose name is so well known and loved at Denison, Dr. W. H. Doane. We are glad, too, to extend a most hearty welcome to Mr. Frederick Cluff, the skillful organist, efficient teacher and genial friend, as we have found him. Miss Sara Edna Stranathan has returned to add by her charming personality and rare talents to the musical life of the school. As Miss Stranathan is a product of our Conservatory, we take especial pride and pleasure in seeing her one of its faculty.

Other new faces beam upon us from the chapel rostrum. Miss Nellie Montgomery has brought to us a delightful personality and exceptional ability as a teacher. She has already found so large a place in our college life that it is scarcely necessary to extend to her a welcome here. Our old friend, Karl Burrer, for years a well known and popular figure in class, athletic, scientific and Y. M. C. A. circles, is now exerting an increasing influence as instructor in Mathematics. Our joy in welcoming these new faces is accompanied by regret for the loss of Prof. W. H. Boughton, who has left us to accept a chair of Engineering at West Virginia. Denison owes much to him, for it was he who gave to her a department of Engineering second to no non-professional college in the country. May success attend him in his new field of usefulness.

The fame of Denison has been spread abroad this year by the work of her glee and mandolin clubs, the latter a new but

strong organization. During the trip through Northern Ohio great loads of Denison spirit were spread abroad to the great credit of the University.

And now, above all else, our thoughts turn to the much applauded and munificent offer of John D. Rockefeller to add one dollar to every dollar raised among the friends of Denison before January 1, 1904. Who can measure the effect upon the University of seeing $125,000 expended for buildings within the near future? This would mean the fulfillment of hopes and ambitions which we have scarcely dared to entertain. With every shoulder to the wheel, every son and daughter filled with ambition for their Alma Mater, every tongue inspired with the spirit of an abundant life, may we not well join in a round of "Heikes" until valley, stream, meadow and hill unite in re-echoing the praises of old Denison.





Calendar

Spring Term 1902

April 1. The Agony begins.
12. Denison 19, Mutes 6. Good for a starter!
15. Phi Gam colors on the Downer House.
23. Orchestra-Glee Club concert. Juddie's ear drums quit the business.
31. Senior Sluggers 19, Faculty Fanners 10.

May 6. '04 unexpectedly (?) delivers the goods.
'05 comforts itself with paregoric.
9. O. W. U. 15, Denison 10. Ouch! ! !
15. Orchestra Concert at Mt. Gilead. Ladies donate flatirons to save the roof.
16. Hiney tries the telegraph pole act and gets telescoped.
20. Dramatic Club play. Powers the star (according to Powers.)
22. Denison Dandy Darkies storm the town.
23. Denison 3, O. S. U. 2. Go, get thee a reputation!
24. Team starts out to sweep the East.
25. Cherney and Burrer commence their hunt for the postoffice.
30. Shepardson Field Day. All records smashed. Fragments carried off as souvenirs. First game on Beaver Field. D. U. 2nd. 5, O. W. U. 2nd. 4. Wooster-Denison debate—such a headache!

June 7. Denison 4, Wooster 1. Now we're even!
8. Baccalaureate Sunday.
9. Winchester's Wonders 10, Kenyon 6.
10. Academy commencement. Lewis Contest.
11. Class Day. Seniors cast off their shoes.
12. Commencement. A grand rush for home.



Fall Term 1902

Sept. 11. The fount of wisdom begins to squirt.
12. Football practice begins.
20. The first game. Denison 29, 20th U. S. I. 0.
27. Denison 0, O. M. U. 6.
28. Bayless attends church and is goo-gooed.

Oct. 3. Reception at King Hall. Burr, Bayless and Hill fatally smitten.
4. Muskingum is so surprised to see Denison score 18 that she forgets to score altogether.
6. Alpha Omega instituted. Brutal! Brutal!
7. Freshman-Soph. field day—'05 bites the dust. The famous Rittenhouse sideburns die of fright.
11. Denison 6, O. W. U. 29. Philo initiation at Johnstown.
17. Junior nutting party and spread. Beta Alpha Delt's initiate,—a tail of woe.
18-19. Bible Study Conference at Columbus. Fowle, Chaffee, Crippen and Rittenhouse get tanked.
18. Wittenberg 11, Denison 5.
23. Y. W. C. A. girls advertise Denison at Wooster.
24. Seats reserved for the Y. M. C. A. Lecture Course. Roger J., Fatty Lewis and other lilliputians smothered in the crush.
25. Kenyon 18, Denison 0.
27. Jones, the Samson of the Denisonites, returns to practice and there is joy throughout the camp.
28. Swipes attends chapel. Preposterous! Absurd!
31. Wilkin wears his pants at half mast. Did something die?

Nov. 1. W. R. U. 16, Denison 17. Prexy's rooting dumbfounds the natives abroad. A hot time at home.
3. Big doin's in chapel. Nine rahs for everybody!
5. Burr gets a new girl. Congratulations.
8. Denison 12, Kenyon 0. Senator Hanna is electrified by Roudie's moth-eaten trick. Another bottle of hot time uncorked.



9. Everybody hoarse. Who cares?
10. Celebration in chapel cracks the roof.
12. Freshman caps appear. Sophs go blind by the dozen. Senior Prep party.—!!
13. Roger J. almost flunked. Truly a sad case.
14. Football heroes eat supper at the Sem. and nearly contract gout from high living.
15. Denison 6, Wooster 6.
17. On this day did Gaston begin to cultivate a new jerk in his gait.
19. Sophomores hayrick party. Patterson feels the first pangs of love.
20. The Doane organ dedicated.
21. Madame Lawson delights everyone. Love has eyes. "Skin" Jones joins the Benedicts.
24. Franklin extra. Somebody tries to set the highwater habit in emulation of Wilkin.
27. Miami Correspondence School Ringers 24, Denison 5.
29. The editor leaves on his honey moon.

Dec. 3. Prexy banquets the team. A lively bout between Hundley and Dick is the chief feature.
6. Prof. Clark gives "King Lear."
8. Fowle cracked a joke—a real one!
9. Hot brick brigade takes the 7:40 German class by storm. Titwillow obliged to raise the windows.
12. Carman's class wear variegated socks and receive variegated grades.
14. Sunday. Everybody bones for exams.
15. Still boning.
19. The agony ended.
25. Nettleman gets a new rattle.



Winter Term 1903

Jan. 5. Everyone returns heavily laden with good resolutions.

6. Carman rakes up his ancestors, dusts them off and is ready for a new term's work in family history.

9. That cold snap. Dorm dwellers gather liquid air dew drops from their stoves.

12. Freshman bob party. Alec. painted red.

13. Preliminary contest. Joe Lloyd wins.

16. Beta house burns. Homer Miller gallantly rescues the goat and George Ewart succeeds in saving a sack of salt after many thrilling escapes.

17. Base ball practice begun.

20. Olmsted, Green, Olsen, Hill and Jones put their heads together and organize a fire brigade.

23. Senior selfishness (?) kills the banquet.

24. Bible Institute begins.

26. Nettleman collides with a lamp post — sleighriding (?).

31. "Tenderfoot," Bayless and Burr organize a base ball team. Dates wanted.

Feb. 3. Dick acknowledges that he is wrong!!

4. Caps and gowns appear.

6. Barton tells how St. Augustine was massacred in 1565.

10. Homer Miller imprisoned in the Library. Narrow escape from death by fright and exposure.

11. Lacey asks the extreme pleasure of addressing the 1:30 French class. Overruled.

12. Senior Circus. The now famous Nettleman smile, bouquets, etc., chief features. Alarming! Alpha Omegs make the night hideous.

17 Orchestra concert.

18. State oratorical contest at Marietta. Hiram 1st, Denison 2nd.

19. Wickenden, the bold outlaw, steals Tiddledewink's keys and imprisons the prof. and class in the lab.



22. Washington's birthday, and Sunday, too. Ain't that a shame!

26. Senior Circus again. Flanagan gets a coat of tar and feathers—minus the tar.

27. Euterpean extra. L-l-n M-g-n tells how to write love letters.

30. Lersch calls at the Sem. Not surprising, considering the date.

March 1. Gaston decides to knock the Adytum.

3. Bunny Spencer tells how it feels to be drunk. Experience?

5. Jim Sam gets delirium tremens.

10. Bostonia Sextette.

12. Tuffaloe Willie's Senior Circus. Willie says it pays to advertise.

14. Adytum editors unearth a new joke. Unfortunately we can not publish it until it is copyrighted.

16. "Calamity" Miller starts training for the track team.

17. Prexy announces Rockefeller's offer of $60,000. Visions of the gym. and baths come alluring. Heike! Heike! Nine rahs for Prex and Rockefeller!!

18. Grand Jury in session. No indictments.

19. Grand pony sale. Prexy and Carman auctioneers. Proceeds for the new gym.

20. Irving-Cicero contest. Irving wins.

21. DeWitt Miller lecture.

23. Glee and Mandolin Club concert.

24-25. Inquisition and its horrors.

25. Musical clubs start to do Northern Ohio. Adytum goes to press.

Pax Vobiscum.

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Secretary and Treasurer - - -	J. Roe Burt
Historian - - - -	V. Ernest Field

Colors

Cream and Crimson

Yell

Go whig, go whag!
Go jiggety jag!
Jaggety gee!
Who are we?
Whoopla, Denison!
1903!



CORINNE A. METZ, B. Lit., X Ψ Δ, Euterpe.

"Let us, let all the world agree,
To profit by resembling thee."

In finishing her course at Denison, Miss Metz leaves behind a host of friends. Miss Metz has been active in literary circles throughout her course, being a valued member of the Denisonian staff and of the Adytum board in 1902. She has won a deserved popularity socially and has, by her genial disposition, unfailing good judgment and thoroughly good work, won for herself a most enviable place in the esteem of the entire faculty and student body.



ELMER MAURICE JONES, B. S., Calliope.

"A bold, bad man."

Jones is a man of varied talents. He is a musician of some reputation, playing in the college orchestra and in the mandolin and guitar club. He is also well known as an artist, contributing much work to the 1902 Adytum. Jones won the prize for the best set of sketches for the Adytum this year. Jones shines in many lines and the class is glad to have him in its number.



HUGH ROBERT HICK, B. S., B A Δ, Franklin.

"He was a very parfit, gentle knight."

When Hick entered school, he decided that the class of 1904 was best suited to his taste, but, after more thorough investigation of the subject, he began to endeavor to free himself of '04's fetters and this year donned the cap and gown. This year he has had charge of the Y. M. C. A. lecture course and has handled it well. In connection with his Senior dignities, he has assisted the class of '04 materially in the publication of their Adytum.



MARY CELIA FULTON, B. S., Philomathean.

"This, then, is the proof of a well-trained mind."

The class of '03 has enjoyed Miss Fulton's hospitality once too often to be unaware of the location of her beautiful country home, a short distance from Newark. Her grace as a hostess is also too well known to require comment, but added to this characteristic she possesses a fund of energy and common sense and is a conscientious student.



S. Guy Jones, B. S., Φ Γ Δ

"He had a face like a benediction"

Guy is one of the most popular men in the class. He is especially well known as a football player, having played on the team for four years and serving two years as captain. Jones is a shining light, his auburn locks adding not a little to the roseate hue of his countenance. He has a very sunny disposition and makes friends with everybody. Guy is a good student and is generally liked by professors and students.



Allan Nichols Nettleman, A. B., Β Α Δ

"Behold the child by nature's kindly law
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."

Nettleman and Prexy both hail from Toledo. It must have been a hard blow to the northern city to lose two such illustrious citizens at so nearly the same time. Nettleman has shone in many ways, on the Adytum board last year, in his classes and as manager of last season's foot ball team. He had the honor of being the first attraction on the Senior Exhibition course this year.



Clara Louise MacDonald, A. B., Philomathean

"My book and heart must never part."

Miss MacDonald is a Newark girl, having graduated from the Newark High School in '99 with the highest honors of her class. She expects to teach, but should she decide to turn her attention to things literary, we prophesy for her a brilliant future. A careful, painstaking student, and a cheery comrade she has ever proved herself to be.



Donald Husted Powers, B. S., Β Θ Π

"The crow doth sing as sweetly."

Powers, as everyone knows, is from Norwalk where they have several rubber tired cabs and automobiles. He has been prominent in college life since he entered school in 1899. In his first year, he attended a hydrant party given by some of his friends on the hill, and has never forgotten the enjoyment of that evening. Powers is a member of the glee club and of the mandolin and guitar club, and is a star in college minstrelsy.



DORA MOORE, Ph. B., Philomathean

"I hear, yet say not much, but think the more."

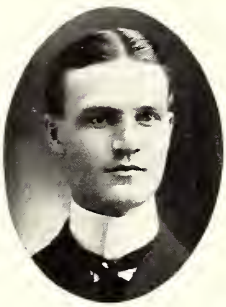
Miss Moore was in Denison during the years of 1899 and 1900, but spent the following year at home. Hearing, however, of the far-famed class of '03, ambition got the better of her and she returned to add her name to its illustrious roll. Miss Moore, though small in statute is SHORT in nothing else. As a student and as a bright, energetic worker, she has won a valued place among students and teachers.



WILLARD A. ZIMMERMAN, B. S., Franklin

"Surely mortal man is a broom-stick."

Zimmerman stands higher than any other man in the class. Everyone knows "Zim" and appreciates him. Though he has not seemed active in college life, yet he has in many ways done much for the school, his class and his society. He has done steady, faithful work, and that is the kind which will count. He is a man whom all look up to and admire.



WILLIAM HASLETTE SPROULL, Ph. B., Σ X

"God made but one casting from this mould,
One was enough."

Billy came to us from the University of Cincinnati at the beginning of his Sophomore year. All through his college course he has shown himself a diligent and industrious student. He has always been a favorite with the professors. He has been prominent on the gridiron, playing a good steady game. He is very popular with the ladies—in fact he has been termed the "King of the Heart Crushers."



JESSIE AMANDA KING, B. Lit., K Φ, Euterpe

"Unknown to her the rigid rules
The dull restraint, the chiding frown."

Miss King leaves Denison this June after having made it her college home for six years. So young was she, when entering college that she was most anxiously watched over by the kindly members of the Shepardson Faculty, who are still earnestly solicitous of all her movements. In the years she has spent at Denison, Miss King has added much to the social life of the college, and as a jolly comrade, a merry companion and a warm friend, she will be greatly missed by all.



EDWIN COXE ROBERTS, A. B., B Θ Π.

"Why should I blush to own I love?"

"Coxey," as he is commonly known, has lived in Granville the best part of his life, and, having seen so many illustrious classes in his time, he knew how to choose his class well. Roberts is a singer of ability, a foot ball player of merit, a scholar of repute, and deserves all the praise he receives. His success in life is due to his motto, which he has faithfully followed—"Have *faith* and fear no defeat."



HARRY B. GENGNAGEL, A. B., B A Δ.

"God made him, therefore let him pass for a man."

Gengnagel is a graduate of the Steele High School of Daytou and has been with the class since the fall of 1899. He is small in stature, yet he gets there very often just the same. Harry escaped the horrors of the Senior Circus by entering the oratorical contest, in which he won an enviable position. He has always been a good student and a worthy member of the class.



WALTER LEROY FLORY, B. L., B Θ Π, Franklin.

"Then he will talk—good gods! how he will talk!"

In the first place, Flory came from Newark. This was very unfortunate for him, but, with his characteristic spirit, he has overcome all the ill effects of this misfortune and now holds a high place in the college. Flory is now in his second year as one of the editors of the Denisonian. He served his class as president in the Junior year, and in other minor offices. Flory is a good fellow and the class is proud to claim him.



RACHEL HARTSHORN COLWELL, B. S., Euterpe.

"There is a certain something in your looks
A certain scholar-like and studious something
You understand—which cannot be mistaken."

As general adviser and supervisor of the classs Miss Colwell holds undisputed sway. In all matter, in which practical common sense and good judgment are needed, she is invariably the one consulted. Her experience is ripe, her knowledge phenominal. Miss Colwell contemplates a journey abroad this summer, but beyond that her future is uncertain.



HOWARD EDWARD FLANAGAN, A. B., Φ Γ Δ.
Calliope.

"Every one is as God made him,
And oftentimes a great deal worse."

Flanagan is president of the class this year, and would have been toast-master at the 1903 Washington Banquet had there been one. However, he is a very modest sort of fellow and was glad to be relieved of such a duty. He has shone chiefly in the athletic arena. He is captain of this year's base ball team. He served as president of the Oratorical Association the past year and has been chosen as Calliope's debater in the Lewis contest.



IRVING ANGELL FIELD, B. S., Β Α Δ, Franklin.

"I am not in the roll of common men."

Irving's fame rests chiefly on his knowledge of Ornithology, in which he has taught several classes during his college course. However, in addition to this, Irving has been faithful to the interests of his class and his society. He was president of Franklin in the winter term and has held other offices at other times with great credit.



SARAH EUDOCIA DRAKE, A. B., Philomathean.

"If it is not seemly, do it not!
She's stately, like you youthful ash."

Miss Drake comes from Bedford, O., but she has graced Denison with her presence for the past six years. She is commonly surnamed "Sarah, the Dignified," but Miss Drake, in common with other dignified people has her moments of "relapse." At present she goes about with an abstracted air due to the responsibility resting upon her to "sprechen Deutsch" three times a day at the German table. Miss Drake is prominent in all social, literary and Christian organizations of Denison.



FRANK BELFORD AMOS, A. B., Σ Χ, Franklin.

"Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time."

Amos arrived in Granville several years ago, fresh from Cambridge. When he struck town his trusty violin was under his arm and it still holds a high place in his affections, which are now somewhat divided. Amos is quite a musician, as regular attendants at chapel can testify. He has been honored with the presidency of the Athletic Association and has been prominent in many phases of college life. Amos is very popular, especially with the Shepardson contingent.



J. Roe Burt, B. S., Φ Γ Δ

"My heart is wax to be moulded as she pleases."

Burt is an unassuming sort of fellow, yet he is "some pumpkins" after all. He has taken a commendable interest in college doings and has served his alma mater in many ways. In foot ball he has done creditable work. He has served on the Board of Control. With all his other duties, he found time to take an extended course at Shepardson, in a class for two. The registrar reports his grades in this special class as very high and worthy of emulation.



Daisy Shambaugh, A. B., Philomathean

"And if she will, she will, you may depend on't
And if she won't, she won't and that's the end on't.

By her independence, her energy and her unfailing good humor, Miss Shambaugh has made her influence strongly felt in the four years she has been at Denison. A prominent Y. W. C. A. worker, a thorough student, genuinely liked and respected by teachers and students, she stands for the best in college life, and is, in the truest sense, an "all-round" girl.



Vinton Ernest Field, A. B., Β Θ Π, Franklin

"I was not born under a rhyming planet."

Field was born in Granville, very early in life, so of course he came back here to school. During his college course, he has been prominent in a literary way. He has served for three years on the Denisonian, two years as editor and one as associate. He served on the art staff of the 1902 Adytum and did much creditable work. He has been prominent in Franklin Literary Society, serving one term as president. This year he is serving his class as historian.



Oren Isaiah Dusthimer, B. S., Calliope

"As fine a fellow, as one oft meets,
And as handsome as he's fine."

"Dusty" is a good fellow and the class is not sorry that he belongs to 1903. "Dusty" is not sorry either, for that matter. He is a general favorite. He ranks well in his classes and is imbued with good Denison spirit. He won fame as an orator at the recent oratorical contest, and thus deprived Prof. Williams of the pleasure of seeing him appear in the Senior Circus. "Dusty" is a poet of renown and has contributed good work to the Adytum.



MARY BEECHER PALMERTON, B. Lit., Euterpe.

"Virtues hath she many mo'
Than I with pen have skill to show."

Miss Palmerton is a native Granvillian, and is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of our classic college town. She even wears eye-glasses. Her good sense and upright nature have won her many friends, and her record as a student is excellent. Miss Palmerton's future, like that of many other members of our youthful but brilliant class, is as yet uncertain. We are still too young to know what the future holds for us.



HAROLD PUTNAM CHAFFEE, A.B., B Θ Π, Franklin.

"A lovyer and a lusty bachelor."

Chaffee has not been with us long, but we have already come to love his round, smiling face. Chaffee is really a "ladies' man," though one would scarcely realize it from his career at Denison. There is at least one, (possibly more), in the far west, who appreciates this feature of his character. As chairman of the coach committee, he has done good work this year and has brought honor to himself and the class.



VERNICE HUNTER, B. Lit., Philomathean.

"In the right place is her heart,
And her hand is ready and willing."

Miss Hunter entered Denison four years ago, and although her course has been somewhat irregular, she has gained the coveted goal—a place among the honored members of the class of '03. She is a zealous member of Philo and is actively interested in elocution, being one of the speakers in the preliminary oratorical contest. Miss Hunter will probably teach, but should she ever tire of helping "the young ideas to shoot," she can always make use of her greatest accomplishment—dancing.



WARREN H. ROBERTS, A. B., Calliope.

For every why he had a wherefore.

Warren has not been with us this year but has been busily engaged "propagating the microbes of intellectually." When commencement rolls around, he'll be here to graduate with the class that attracted him so strongly that he has waited a year for it. He is an acute student and a hustler in all he undertakes. Denison has room for many more like Roberts.



HOWARD OLMSTED, A. B., Calliope

"On their own merits, modest men are dumb."

Howard comes from Cleveland. He has been with us several seasons. During his sojourn here, he has won a name and reputation for strength, skill and dexterity, unequalled in the school. It is rumored that a young lady in Cleveland is waiting for Howard when he gets through with Denison. The best wishes of the class go with him.



LILIAN MEGGINSON, B. Lit., 2 yr. course, Euterpe

"A fair haired daughter of the gods."

Miss Megginson has improved her time while at Denison with remarkable foresight and, as result, her future is not shrouded in mystery, nor uncertain in its promises. As a whole souled Y. W. C. A. worker, an enthusiastic Euterpe and a good student she has made her influence felt for all that is good. Miss Megginson will be greatly missed by her many friends, who unite in wishing her a voyage on the sea of life unbroken by misfortune or sorrow.



GRACE HARFORD, B. Lit., 2 yr. course, K Φ

"Full many a love in loving youth was mine."

Miss Harford is one of the fair creatures so well known in social circles as "the town girls." Indeed her accomplishments in music, society and learning are such that Granville is proud to claim her. Her pleasing personality and genuine culture have made her a favorite with all who know her. She is a graduate of the Conservatory and is an accomplished vocalist. In religious circles she has been active and influential.



Colors

Red and Stone Gray

Yell

Heik, heiker,
Rag! Rag!
Za! Ka! Roar!
Ching, Chang!
D. U. 1904

Officers

President	Horace H. Wall
Vice-President	Ruth Drake
Treasurer	James S. West
Secretary	Clara Follett
Historian	Raymond D. Sprout



Junior Class

Ealy E. Algeo

Orville C. Montgomery

Horace H. Wall

William E. Wickenden

Kate L. Chambers

Ruth Drake

Elizabeth Colwell

Clara Follett

Charles D. Hayden

Edward B. Loughridge

Fred B. Moore

John L. Randall

James S. West

Mabel Wylie

Lilian Snow

Ruby Jones



Junior Class

Charles F. Burke

Raymond D. Sprout

R. Morris Wylie

Harry J. Skipp

George M. Barton

Herbert D. McKibben

Carl M. Revenaugh

Jane Simpson

Margaret F. Marlowe

Janet R. Jones

Lilian Wyly

Mary C. Jones

Grace Backus



To the Junior class belongs the distinction of being the last class to enter Denison in the nineteenth century. Although a child of the old century, it has ever displayed a spirit progressive and active enough for the new. September of 1900 saw enter Denison as green a Freshman class as usual. We are as proud of it now, as we are frank to confess it, even as Lincoln gloried in his humble birth. To see the class then would scarcely inspire the expectation that it should be the lot of '04 to forsake the beaten path of mediocre attainments to make for itself a new standard of honor and achievement. Yet such is the witness of history.

The Freshman year saw but the mere unfolding of the genius of the class of '04. It cost three hard fought struggles to win the coveted cane. (This fact now constitutes the chief claim of the class of '03 to greatness). In the scalping contest honors were evenly shared. On Field Day, however, the young giant,

awakening to a full knowledge and control of his power, swept all before him.

The beginning of the Sophomore year found the yet unconquered class with thinned ranks but strong in its spirit of unity and determination. In the face of apparently overwhelming odds, '04 stormed the Freshman stronghold and carried it with an ease which won the applause of friend and foe alike. Disheartened by defeat, the Freshmen declined to risk their bruised and bitten honor (?) on the gridiron, but essayed to regain prestige in baseball. In vain! Even Cherney, the invincible, fell before the fierce slugging of '04's victorious cohorts, and the sun of Sophomoredom went down upon an undefeated class.

The Junior year has been characterized by the same spirit of loyalty and harmony which made '04 invincible in all class contests. Never has the class been lacking in good times. Who will forget the delightful hospitality at Katahden on February third, 1902, or the party at the home of Mr. Leahy somewhat later. Early this year Miss Lilian Wyly kindly invited the class to a chestnut hunt at her home. There it was that Harry and another were found looking for chestnuts under an oak tree, while Jim Sam and the chaperon wandered so far astray that a search party had to be organized. At dusk with hay ricks creaking under their burden of nuts, the class returned to the Buxton house, where a spread and an evening of games were fully enjoyed.

Alas! In my attempt to do tribute to the greatness of '04, words have failed me and I am filled with the sentiment of him who sang "Great oaks from little acorns grow," while our friends of '03 and '05 in their despair are doubtless inspired to feel that "Great aches from little toe corns grow."



Officers

President	Ralph B. Miller
Vice-President	Charles B. Patt
Secretary	Elsie Husted
Treasurer	John A. Cherney
Historian	Ruth McKibben

Yell

Ki Yi! Ki Yi!
Ching chang chu!
We're the class of naughty-five!
Who are you?

Colors

Orange and Black



Sophomore Class

Joseph C. Green

Lee L. Shepard

R. D. Hunt

Gale Seaman

J. Fulton Van Voorhis

Fred D. Adams

Alfred M. Colby

Emmet H. Leslie

J. Whitcomb Shepardson

James F. Chaffee

John E. Geil

Charles F. Mathews

Elizabeth Thornton

Elsie C. Husted

Marjorie Williams

Helen Case

Eleanor Thomas

Stella Moore

Ruth McKibben



Sophomore Class

Charles B. Patt

Roger M. Jones

Charles E. Oxley

Ralph B. Miller

John G. Cross

D. Paul Orcutt

Arthur N. Peckham

Charles K. Chapman

John A. Cherney

Justin W. Nixon

Richard J. Owen

George Nichols

Faith Pomeroy

Edith Work

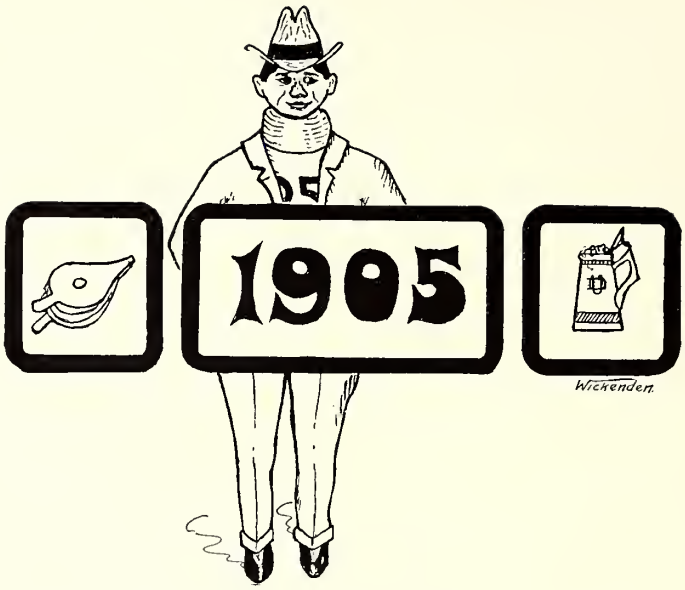
Ellen Sherman

Myra Pellens

Margaret Watkin

Mabel Denison

Bertha Smith



Now you'll have a thrilling story
Of the glorious Sophomore class;
Sophomores of our grand old Vars'ty,
Many a lad and many a lass.

If you could but know their history
They would rank before the rest;
Quality is what they boast of,
Quantity is never best.

Naught it matters though last winter
Trig seemed hard in Prof. Gil's class,
They have left that all behind them
Now their Freshman year is past.

Even when the way seemed darkest
And—"you're pumpkins"—yelled the Sophs,
Even then they braved the glances
Of the '04's and the Profs.

Talk not of the worthy Senior,
Speak not of the Freshman green,
Even mention not the Junior,
Till you have these Sophomores seen.

Every morning you can see them
Up in chapel, in their places;
You will know them by the earnest
Thoughtful look upon their faces.

Each one ready for the labors
Which the coming day will bring,
Each one cheering on his comrades,
Hear their voices bravely ring!

Never do you find them idle,
They are always working—trying
This old world of ours to better,
And truth's flame to keep from dying.

Fortune's sure to smile upon them,
Give them hope for future aims,
And you'll hear about these Sophomores,—
Of their noble deeds and gains.

In the Hall of Fame so spacious
You will find, if you survive,
A great tablet, carved and chiseled
By the class of Nineteen Five.

Many names of highest merit
Will be handed down to fame,
Bringing naught but praise and honor
To the college whence they came.

Vaunting pride is not their failing;
Though of talent they've no dearth
You will never find them boasting,
They seek only modest worth.

When their college days are over,—
All their student work and fun,
You will find their hearts are loyal
And still true to Denison.

Even to the end of ages
Will their memory survive.
Here's to you, oh Sophs so hopeful!
Here's to you, fair Nineteen Five.



Officers

President	J. Frank Whallon
Vice-President	Mary Hunt
Recording Secretary	Mary Ferguson
Corresponding Secretary	Amy Dodson
Treasurer	Paul McKibben
Historian	C. Burton Nickels

Colors

Red and Black



Freshman Class

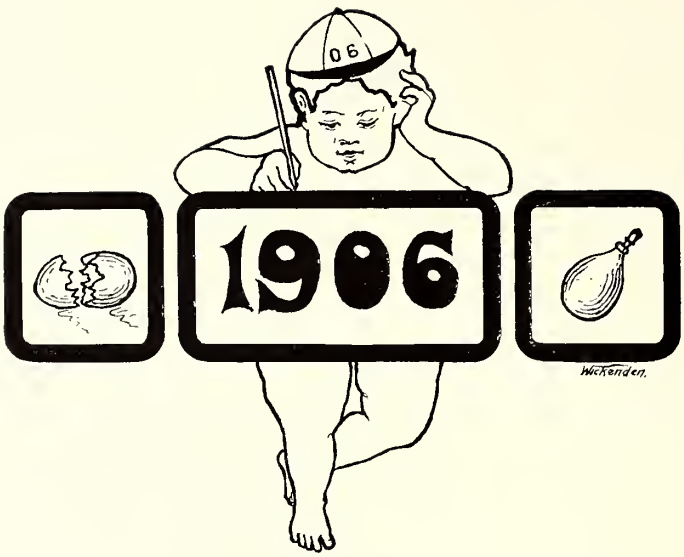
Morris D. Pace
Homer A. Carson
Charles W. Shinn
Boyd B. Chambers
Jay V. Wescott
C. Earl McMillen
Harold C. McCall
John C. Prior
Rowland S. Clissold
George W. Wymer
J. Frank Whallon
Fred R. Rummel
Robert W. Sullivan
Merrill R. Montgomery
Albert K. Morris
Frank E. Wood
Leonard J. Fox
Curtis V. Priest
Frederick F. Wright
C. Burton Nickels
Ashbell F. Simpson
George E. Howell
William A. Evans
Paul S. McKibben
Walter N. Grimmell
John C. Swartz
E. Benjamin Yale
Agnes Nichol
Amy Zimmerman
Adelaide Jenness
Ellen Johnson
Vivra Dickerson
Mary Hunt
Helen Crane
Mary Ferguson
Bettye Corpenning
Mary Hall



Freshman Class

Walter C. Humpton
W. Frank Loyd
William B. Wright
Mose S. Griffith
Robert E. Pond
Paul D. Mitchell
J. Russell Jenness
R. Clay Van Voorhis
Perry D. Woods
Homer D. Swygert
Claude E. Boyer
John H. Hislop
Charles Prose
Allan C. Roudebush
Arthur H. Hixson
Raymond H. Tracy

Ralph W. Quick
Walter M. Bayless
Lawrence C. Irwin
Daniel F. Rittenhouse
Roy L. Wells
Harwood Lersch
Besse Trumper
Edna Thornton
Amy Dodson
Genevieve Shepard
Anna Beattie
Anice Nichol
Eleanor McDowell
Esther Williams
Harriet Gillilan
Donna Russell
Olive Spencer



Freshman Class History

Being the Chronicle of one Dink Nooney.

"I'll tell yer, Pals, yours truly's glad ter git back ter civylization onct more. De strain wuz beginnin' ter tell on me, an' assosheatin' wid movin' t'ink tanks wuz rapidly puttin' his nibs out uv de census. Ya-as I t'ink I'll go back, after er little res.' Yer see it's dese ways, me class, de class uv naughty-six, is de bes' t'ing — 'ceptin' Prexy — in dat t'ink factory wat I gets me time from, an' I'm proud ter admit de connexshun. Ev'ry t'ing dey undertake is buried, even de dead Sophs, an' buried deep too.

"W'en de brakeman t'rew me out uv me side-door Pullman at Granville — dats where de brain mill hangs out — I wuz sufferin' w'it seasickness after er ride from Ed'son on de Tontog'ny an' Ocean Central R R — dey stan' for Rickety Rails. But de nex' day after lookin' at Gresilda's pictcher fer er w'ile, I paddled up de Hill, w'ich I'll show yer if yer ever float in ter

see me, an' at onct me peepers picked out me 'finity—dat's somet'ing I learnt dere. 'Gresilda ter de bench,' sez I, 'somebody else'll catch fer me dis year.' Say, friens I'll letcher look at 'er w'en yer come down.

"W'en I got up ter de top I braced er gang uv mugs wat looked wise, an' axed fer de President's Office. 'Cert'n'ly.' sez one, 'right over dare in dat w'ite building.' So I hiked over an' inquired uv an old guy wat I saw dere if he wuz de President. 'No,' sez he w'isperin' in me ear, 'nor de Janiter either, I'm de Superintendent uv Bildings.' 'Is dis de President's office?' sez I. 'No,' sez he, 'dis is de Gym.' 'Hully Gee,' sez I, an' took ter de woods.

"Fin'ly I got fixed an' den begun ter notis t'ings. One uv de main t'inkers, called Gil, wuz pacin' de green wid er spy glass an' er smile countin' de victims destined for his God, Freshman Math dey called 'im. Ernother wuz holdin' spellboun' — dats from Mark Twain — er gang uv skeets wid dese an' other 'spressions, 'Oi t'ink youse'll be the twenty-sixt class' an' 'W'en I played me firs' game wid de Brown nine —.' Jus' den er brass ban' bit off er chunk an' I heard de guineas say, 'Here comes Rit'n'house.' 'Rit'n'house,' sez I, 'wats he?' 'De great Freshman diplymat,' sez dey, an I took off me hat wid de crowd.

"T'ings went erlong swimmin' fer er few days. De class 'lected officers an' Rit'n'house wuz pointed ter errange fer er Fresh-Soph Fiel' Day ter take de place uv de us'al flag rush w'ich de Sophs knew'd be der finish wid me on de other side — aw, watcher want ter slug me dat way fer? On de night uv de Tent uv October de Sophs were out huntin' fer Freshie ter love, but we all wuz in our Pajamies ceptin' one poor guinea Bayless whom de crowd took an' 'nitiated into de renowned frat Alfa Nutmega w'ich is quite an 'oner for er Freshie.

"De nex' day has gone down in Histry. De crowds begun ter mingle in de vast nacheral amphitheater long before de fray. De Sophs sneaked in from de West each wid er black ribbon on his arm, an' tried ter look innercent. But w'en we came in wid our girls in er hay waggin, de populace exercised der lung power an' looked pleased. By some mistake de Sophs won de

Tater an' Obstacle races an' de chewin' match. Wid de help uv de girls on de waggin we took de res' mid de cheers uv de people. Bayless wuz revenged.

"Den fer a time peace reigned until de gazoos uv de lecher course announced de program. 'Dat's me stunt,' sez I, an' pulled out er few bones fer tickets. At de firs' number me an' me frien' shone like stars uv de firs' caret an' were de main attracshuns, in fac, onct w'en I was stealin' er kiss from me frien', one uv de seat pushers came up an' tol' us to quit bein' de whole show.

"Some time den passed durin' which I t'rew me phiz at de Postmistress ten time er day. At las one eve de lady pushed er little letter into me fins. Inside wuz er little card —

De Freshman Girls
At home
At de res'dence uv Missus Fergsen
Toosday Eve.
Seven ter ten November fort.

' "Seven ter ten," ' sez I, 'does dat mean at seven minutes ter ten er seven girls ter ten kids?' 'No,' sez de lady, 'dat means from seven o'clock ter ten.' 'Oh ya-as,' sez I, 'an' where do de girls stay we'n dere not at home?' She laffed an' sez, 'I can't say but dere de keenes' girls in de place.' Well I slicked up an' went ter de party an' maybe it wuzn't de goods. Dose girls can get me ter pay dere mil'n'ry bills. Dey had er feed an' er po'try match an' er geezer Van Voorhis sed funny t'ings an' w'en we parted comp'ny we 'greed ter buck Gil nex' day. Dat 'spression means ter treat one ter de drinks. But de secon' compn'y mutinied an' de contrac' wuz void.

"Den came T'anksgivin' an' er big fill an' den dey passed out de exams. Dey struck me amidships an' brought down me riggin', but I outrode de gale, ponyin' in ev'ry exam. Den de faculty, seein' dat I needed er res,' voted ter suspend operashuns fer a week er so. So I let me watch run down an' t'ings begun ter look happy onct more.

"After gettin rested I begun me continuous performance uv

smearin' de main t'inkers. De class has been layin' low dis las' term fer dey expec' ter hit er up nex' spring in athletics an' soshally an' ter make de other classes look like de remnants uv er rummage sale wid de help uv Roudebush, Lersch, Chambers, Griffith an' others uv sterlin' wurth. Ya-as our class is er great bunch fer which de school has been waitin' dese seventy-two years an' I doubt if dey ever get ernother one as good." At the conclusion of these words of wisdom Dink yawned and his pals slunk away, leaving him alone with his reminiscences.

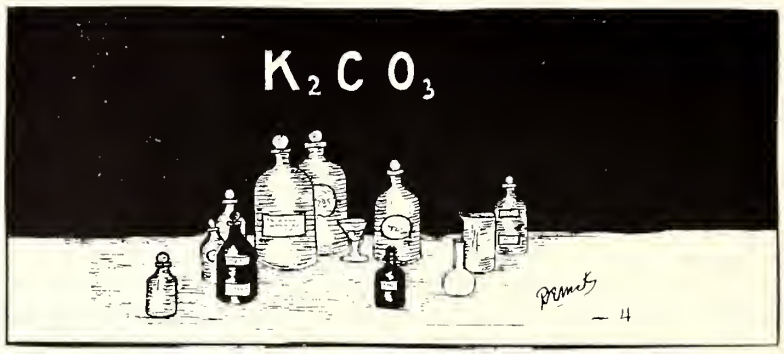




Senior Preparatory Class

Gordon C. Beck
Howard L. Bethel
Freeman C. Bollinger
Louis H. Burr
Ray E. Carman
E. S. Clem
David D. Condit
Mitchell S. Corbett
Ernest Cornell
Frank H. Cox
Guy C. Crippen
Albert B. Culbertson
Edward R. Davis
Stephen A. Douglass
William H. Fowle
Stuart W. Goldsborough
Philip H. Goodwin
Robert Hill
Albert B. Jones
Don C. Kite
William C. Lacey
Frank G. LaRue
William H. Luse
Robert W. Luse
Wilbur F. Maxwell
Guy H. Orcutt
Jesse J. Runyan
Quincy L. Sanborn
Harry S Spencer
William G. Spencer
John W. Fuller
Florence E. Bounds
Mabel Butterfield
Clarice Carroll
Sarah Fleming
Bessie Gulley
Bertha Heacock
Helen LeCrone
Mary Martin
Mary McKibben
Mertie Revenaugh
Mary Tuttle
Alice Williams
Lina Willis
Bessie Wilson
Grace Wright

LITERARY.
EDITH WORK



(Prize Story.)

Ruth E. McKibben.

It was one of those delightful hazy days of early Autumn. The valleys were covered with a gray mist, and the beautiful October foliage massed itself in glowing colors on the distant hillsides. The banks of the winding stream in the valley below were bordered with golden, swaying willows, as the little river turned here and there in its course, and at last disappeared in the distance. The various tints of Autumn gold and scarlet were everywhere. They spread from the stately oaks and maples near at hand, far out and beyond, over the hills and across the fields, reaching even to the lines of the far away horizon. The warm sweet air of summer days lingered, as if loath to leave.

Trudging slowly up the hill was a solitary figure.

John Keating was a tall, well-built, athletic fellow, and usually walked with an alert and springing step, which told of his splendid vigor and physique. But to-day he barely crept along, each step seeming more painful than the last. His head was bent over a letter which he held in his hands and studied closely. His face wore a worried look, as for the fourth time he read, —

Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 20, 1902.

My Dear Son, —

For the last time, I will give you another trial. You have thoroughly disappointed me, John, in your Chemistry work. You well know that my greatest wish for you is that you may

become a chemist or a physician, as your father and grandfather have been before you. But I really begin to think there is no hope for you, especially after being twice conditioned. Why, John, have you no pride about the matter? — — —"

The letter fell from his hand, as John suddenly came to a halt.

"Have I any pride?" he asked himself.

"A certain amount, perhaps, and yet if father only understood how I really feel! I'll never make a physician, or a chemist. Skeletons! Bottles! And such stuff! Bah! It fairly makes me sick. But —" and John crushed the letter in his hand, as he exclaimed, — "Its get through in chemistry, or bust!"

And after this final resolve, he started up the hill at a swinging pace, his head lowered, his cap pulled down over his eyes, and whistling merrily until, — — —

There stood a confused, pretty girl, her brown hair blowing in the wind, a look, half amused, half indignant, on her face, while at her feet were scattered an armful of books and papers.

"Oh — Oh — my books! Please, won't you —"

"Pardon me. I'm afraid I was not looking where I was going, muttered John, greatly embarrassed, as he stooped to pick up the books. The morning breeze began to chase some of the stray papers merrily over the hillside, and so it was some time before they were all restored to their owner. John was out of breath and decidedly red in the face, when he finally returned the last sheet. It was a small piece of Harvard notepaper, covered with closely written chemical formulas. John smiled, as he glanced at it and then at the girl, and said, —

"This is the last, I believe, but perhaps you do not care for it. It's just an odd scrap."

"Oh, yes, indeed. I'd rather have that little piece than any of the others, for I've been working for about two weeks in the chemistry laboratory, just to get these figures on this scrap of paper. Thank you very much," and she turned and went down the hill.

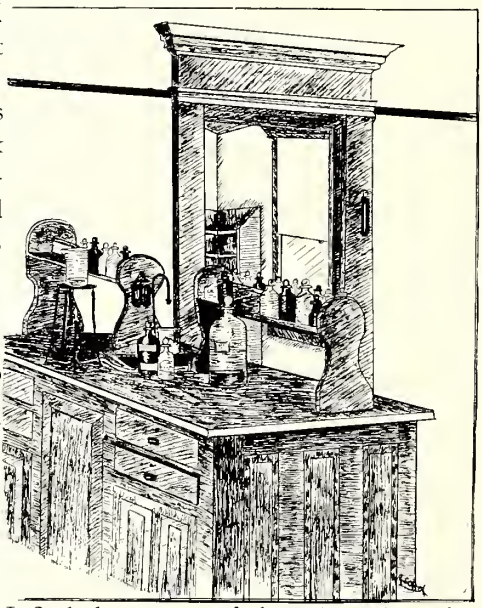
Just as John handed her the paper, his eye caught sight of a name, Margaret Warden, written at one side, and then it was

that a sudden thought occurred to him. This was the Miss Warden, of whom he had heard so much, who had made such a fine record in chemistry, and who was a veritable genius in that line. He watched her for a few moments, as she hurried down the hill, and then said to himself,—

"Now, as a rule, girls are bores. I don't like them, any way you fix them. But here is an exception, I believe. She's different somehow, rather nice. If only she were not a chemistry fiend!"

* * *

It was several weeks later, and John had been working all afternoon with bottles, test-tubes and retorts, and now it was growing dusk. He was alone in the laboratory every afternoon, making up his condition, and formed a class by himself. As he was finishing his work on this particular afternoon, he turned suddenly, and looked toward the door of a smaller laboratory, opening off of the room he occupied.



"Surely I heard footsteps," he thought to himself.

Yes, there it was again, and a faint clink of glass, and then silence. John gathered up his things, locked his desk, and, going to the door of the smaller laboratory, looked about carefully, but saw no one.

The following morning after chapel, the chemistry professor stopped John and said,--

"Keating, I'll have to ask you not to touch any of the materials in the smaller laboratory. I find that some of them have been in-

terfered with since yesterday morning, and as you are the only student permitted to work in the laboratory in the afternoon—"

John was angered and hastily interrupted him, —

"Professor, I have touched nothing in the smaller laboratory. My work confines itself strictly to the large room."

"Very well, Keating," was the answer.

* * *

On the next afternoon, it was rather late when John stepped outside the chemistry room, and, finding the door partly open, looked in. He would have entered at once, had he not noticed an occupant in the room. Over at a desk in the further corner stood a girl. She was attired in a dark blue chemistry apron, and was working busily, her back turned toward John. She was of medium height, with dark brown hair, and was calmly surveying a dark-colored mixture in a glass beaker, which she held in one hand.

But John could not stand there forever, watching her, and painfully holding his breath so as not to startle her. How should he make his presence known?

Before he could answer the question, the figure at the desk broke the silence, without turning around.

"I hope I am not keeping you from coming in."

"Well, who in thunder," was John's whispered exclamation, as the girl continued, —

"You see," she began, with her back still turned toward Keating, "that my mixture here in this beaker acts as a reflector, and so I saw you come up without turning around. But now," and here she turned, "I think I must introduce myself, for I believe we have met before."

John looked rather dazed for a moment, and then said, —

"I hope I may be allowed to introduce myself also, a pleasure I rarely enjoy" — he added mischievously.

A smile hovered about the girl's mouth, but she controlled her desire to laugh, as he bowed solemnly and said, —

"My name is John Maxwell Keating."

"And mine," she replied with equal gravity, "is Margaret Warden."

John crossed the room, and laying his hat and books upon a table, turned again and said, —

"Miss Warden, I am interested to know whether you work here every afternoon."

The girl looked at John, and a flush of crimson spread over her face. Then she said slowly,—

"You work here every afternoon, Mr. Keating, and I wonder whether you have ever seen me here before."

"No," John replied quickly, "I have never had the pleasure. But at different times, I have thought that I heard some one working in the small laboratory. I do not object at all. I have no right to do so, but Prof. B——— has found his materials in the smaller laboratory misplaced. Knowing that I was the only one working here in the afternoon, he has blamed me for this. I believe really that he himself — —"

"Mr. Keating," Margaret interrupted, "will you forgive me for what I have done?"

"Forgive *you!*" John exclaimed in amazement. "Why, what have you done?"

The girl seated herself on a high stool and clasped her hands across her knees. Looking through a window just in front of her, her eyes seemed to dwell on something far away, and John waited in silence. Presently the girl spoke,—

"My father is a druggist in St. Louis. When I was a very little girl, I was extremely fond of playing about my father's store. As I grew older, I learned a great deal from him, and became quite a help to him, and up to the time when I came here to school we worked together most of the time. While studying here, I have become still more interested, and, as my father expects soon to retire from his business, I am preparing myself to take his place, with the assistance of some one else perhaps. I love my work so much that I cannot spend enough time at it. So I have gotten into the habit of slipping into the little laboratory in the afternoons, and working by myself. And, as I did not wish to be discovered, I have kept very quiet while you were here. And yet, I have made trouble for you. I'll tell Prof. B— that I am the one who misplaces things and that, —"

"No, indeed, Miss Warden, you'll do nothing of the kind. What I cannot understand is that you take this stuff and work so hard over it, because you like it. Do you know, I am making up a condition, not my first either, but my second. How I hate it! And how can you like it?"

The girl laughed, and said, —

"It's a hard question to answer. Really I can't help liking it."

John groaned, and then, as the girl moved to go, he said, —

"I really would not mind it, if chemistry was always like this."

"And you have not done a thing this afternoon," she replied.

"My time has been spent much more profitably," John answered, picking up his books and opening the door.

"Remember," he added," not a word to Prof. B——, Miss Warden. I hope you will not betray yourself."

And Keating closed the door behind him.

* * *

The fall term was slowly drawing to a close, and examinations were in progress. These last days, so trying to both teacher and student, found Keating in an anxious frame of mind. He was constantly asking himself, "Will I pass in this chemistry, or must I again read that hateful word, 'conditioned?'"

For some time he had heard nothing from his father. But in the last letter he had received, the closing words had been, —

"I sincerely hope that you will have no condition to report at the end of the term, John."

One afternoon toward the end of December, John opened the door of his room, as he started for the laboratory, and was surprised to find a letter, lying on the threshold outside, addressed in the well-known handwriting of his father. He picked it up rather absent-mindedly and put it carelessly in his pocket, as he started away, saying to himself, —

"This can't go on much longer. I won't get through it, if something isn't done. A condition is certain. Yet really I am working harder at this stuff than I have ever worked before. It's only because of — — of — — Margaret," he finally managed to say.

"Prof. B——looks upon me in a rather questioning way, still thinking, I suppose, that I am the one who misplaces his precious bottles. I cannot let him know of the work that Margaret is doing. She must tell him, if anyone does. And yet I do want to steer clear of another condition."

He climbed the hill quickly, but, before entering the laboratory, he stopped by a window near the door and remained here several minutes, looking thoughtfully out over the campus. He was still thinking of the coming condition, when it occurred to him that he had not opened his father's letter. He thurst his hand into his pocket, and found — — that the letter was gone.

"Where could I have lost it? he said aloud. "Perhaps by mistake I have — —"

But he was suddenly startled by a loud explosion, which came from within the laboratory. Then came a cry of pain. He hurried toward the door, opened it, and, with a frightened exclamation, crossed the room.

Near her accustomed place, at the desk in the corner, crouched Margaret, with a frightened look on her pale face. Before her on the table was a mass of broken bottles and retorts, mixed with a solution still smoking from the explosion. John quickly opened a window, that the fumes might escape, and then turned to the girl. One glance told him all.

"Miss Warden, you are hurt!" he exclaimed, as he saw her apron badly scorched, and one hand pitifully scarred and burned. The girl only looked at him in dumb appeal, and held out her injured hand for his inspection. In a few moments he had bound it neatly in one of his own handkerchiefs, and, when the bandage was securely fastened, she turned to him and said, —

"A friend in need is a friend indeed, Mr. Keating."

"I hope so, Miss Warden," was his quick reply. "But may I walk down the hill with you? I really think you ought —"

"Oh, no, thank you. I am perfectly able to go alone. But it will be a great favor to me if you will be so kind as to remove all traces of my accident. I don't want the professor to think I am so careless. If I had only read my directions more thoroughly, the explosion would not have occurred."

"Certainly, I will clear things up here, Miss Warden, if you like."

"Thank you, Mr. Keating," and she was gone.

John turned to her desk and, after studying her text-book for a moment, exclaimed, —

"Ah, I see! Poor girl! The directions say 10 grams K_2CO_3 and *dilute* H_2SO_4 added to produce solution. By mistake, she took 2 $KClO_3$, and to it added *concentrated* instead of dilute H_2SO_4, producing an explosion of course. A mistake easily made, for the formulæ are very similar and the two acid bottles stand side by side on the shelf. It was an accident, yet a very painful one, I fear," was John's final comment.

The traces of the explosion were soon cleared away and Keating left the building. But there continually rose before him the picture of the pale and trembling figure in the blue apron, with the burned and scarred hand.

* * *

The last day of the term finally came, and Keating climbed the hill for the last time, to work in the chemistry laboratory. The room was empty and deserted when he reached it and he felt rather lonely as he began his last hour's work. He missed the girl at the desk in the corner, and was wondering whether he should see her before leaving for home, when the door opened, and there she stood, with her hand still bandaged. She smiled pleasantly, as Keating laid down his work and came forward.

"The laboratory is glad to welcome you again," he said cordially.

"The dear place," she murmured, "how I love it! But I am glad to see you again, Mr. Keating, especially this last day of the term. I thought that possibly you might have gone home. I see that you are still pegging away at your chemistry, and that's good. However I did not come up here to deliver a lecture, but to give you something that belongs to you."

John looked puzzled, as she drew from her pocket the long-lost letter from his father.

"I found it," she explained, "the day of my accident, as I

was hurrying down the hill. But read it, while I unlock my desk."

John opened the letter eagerly, and read, —

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Dec. 20, 1902.

My Dear John, —

I received yesterday a letter from Prof. B——, and he informs me of your improved work in chemistry, during the past term. Your grade is a fine one and I am greatly pleased. Now, I find that an old friend of mine, an eminent druggist in St. Louis, is looking for a young man to take his place in the business, as he expects to retire soon. The position is a good one and is open to you, if you care to take it. The druggist in question is Mr. W. D. Warden. Let me know at once whether you will accept the offer, so that I can write to him."

John handed the letter to Margaret.

"Will you read it?" he asked.

"You wish me to?"

"Certainly," was his reply.

She took the letter and read slowly. John watched her closely, but her expresssion did not change. As she finished the letter, she handed it to him, saying.

"I think I know what K_2CO_3 stands for, as it is written in my chemistry book."

"And what's that?" demanded John.

"Why, just this. Keating, twice conditioned, not three."

John laughed softly, but asked, —

"What about the position, — Margaret? Shall I accept it?"

But Margaret only smiled.

The Poet's Dream

CHARLES C. PATTERSON.

He sat in his room at midnight,
  That weird and ghostly hour,
Holding his pen in waiting
  For the gift of the poet's power,
To tell some love-fraught story
  Or tale of warrior bold,
Who fought for a lovely maiden
  In the golden time of old.

Or perhaps, some lighter burden
  Would ripple through his song
Like the music of a brooklet,
  Laughing its course along.
The south wind was mournfully wailing,
  In the swaying trees outside,
Searching, with ever a doleful plaint
  For the leaf, his summer bride.

And finding her not among them,
  Turned to the window pane,
Rapping with ghostly fingers
  Again and ever again.
Only the firelight's flickering
  Drove back the encircling gloom,
Painting a changing scenery
  On the walls of his modest room.

There is a subtle magic
In the glowing embers' light
To call to mind old memories
From out the gloomy night.
As his fancy idly wandered,
Seeking a fitting theme,
His musing changed to revery,
The revery into a dream.

The winter softened to summer,
Clad in green were the trees,
While the winter wind's harsh wailing
Had died to a summer breeze.
In a quiet country graveyard,
On a sunny sloping hill,
By a moss-crowned headstone, stood he
While his feelings roamed at will.

There lay Mary, gentle sweetheart
Of his happy boyhood days,
'Round whose memory time was weaving
A misty golden haze.
By the moss-green marble headstone,
A modest flowerlet grew,
With white-lipped pearly petals,
Still wet with the morning dew.

It seemed to him an image
Of her spirit lily white,
Pure as the first faint radiance
Of the herald morning light.
In his dream he stooped to pluck it,
He awakened with a start,
But the dream awakened memories
With the dream did not depart.

Instead of the floweret's stem
In his hand he held the pen
And in his softened spirit
He felt this truth first then,
That love for the dead is bitter-sweet,
But sweeter than joy its pain,
For the dead in memory never change
And the lover's loss is gain.

That the great world needed workers
To carve from the rough-hewn stone
The finished forms of beauty
That please by sight alone.
So the poem is still unwritten,
Though perhaps another year
You may pay to it the tribute
Of an unacknowledged tear.

Our Alma Mater

W. E. WICKENDEN. '04.

Throned upon the hilltop's height
  Clad in robes of leafy verdure,
Radiant in the sunlight bright,
  Reigns our queen, our Alma Mater.
At her feet on nature's breast
  Sweetly sleeps the peaceful valley.
Nature's richest gifts have blessed
  Denison, our Alma Mater.

Joyfully we own her sway,
  Every loyal son and daughter.
Guiding us in wisdom's way,
  Denison, our Alma Mater.
Loud in song her praise proclaim,
  Join each voice in adoration,
Till land and sea resound her fame,
  Denison, our Alma Mater.

The Birth of the Fire Pink

The Ambiqua Tribe, noted for their handsome, stalwart men, and for their hideously ugly women, held the tradition that sometime their greatest chief would have a daughter who would be the most beautiful of women; that her beauty would be so great that it would cause the destruction of two tribes. This tradition was ridiculed by the other Indians, because the Ambiquas, having long refused to go on the war path, were held in scorn by them.

This prophecy, nevertheless, was fulfilled in time. Many were the forebodings of the Indian women when they saw, day after day, new beauties, hitherto unknown to them, develop in the person and pure life of White Angel, the only daughter of Chief Great Eagle. Tall and stately she grew, and longing glances were cast upon her by the young men of her tribe, but upon these she never smiled. Once, while gathering flowers in the forest, she had met Wild Rover, a handsome young Indian of another tribe, who was in eager chase after the moose.

But why need we linger longer on the old, old story? Youths are youths and maids are maids, and Cupid will rule the world around, forever and forever. Though White Angel knew that Wild Rover belonged to the other tribe, and that she, herself, was in danger of her father's outbursts of anger and prejudice, yet she forgot all and listened with her very soul to the thrilling words of an honest heart, as she gazed into his deep, true eyes.

There came a time, shortly, when all was not so pleasant — that is, the "bitter-sweet" was poured into her cup of happiness, for, fierce was the anger of Great Eagle when White Angel dared to tell him that she would not wed young Panther, a brave warrior of her own tribe, who was her father's choice —

for fathers will choose, sometimes, and quite often, unfavorably. Never before had an Indian maiden withstood her father — but when he, one day, came upon the young people in the woods, where she had gone for berries (?), he to hunt (?), the old chief understood and vowed revenge.

There was but one way in those days to settle disputes, so the Ambiquas laid aside their sluggishness and a battle most terrible was waged between the two tribes. Twelve days they fought, until at length but a handful of men was left on either side, and these strove with the fury of despair around the Ambiqua's council lodge. Suddenly, Wild Rover caught a gleam of scarlet through the door of the wigwam, and he knew it was White Angel, for she, with her people's love for bright colors, had won for herself another name, that of Fire-pink, from the bright red gown she wore. Hardly had he discovered her presence ere her father had also, and soon the strife lay between these two.

Seeing that the young man was about to overcome him, the old chief, with relentless revenge, hurled his tomahawk, piercing the girl through the breast. With a cry of rage her lover drove his knife into the heart of Chief Great Eagle. Then, in the shady woods, while the birds sang the requiem, and the little rivulet wept for pity, Wild Rover laid Fire-pink to rest.

For years he wandered through the country a lonely man, always looking in vain for something to satisfy the longing of his soul. Once he wandered back to the deserted village of the Ambiquas and, as he neared the place where he had laid White Angel to rest, he saw in the twilight a scarlet robe across her grave. He drew nearer; bright faces seemed to nod to him. Then he knew that, as he bent over the robe of flowers and kissed their soft, velvet petals, he had kissed the soul of fair White Angel.

M. Edith Work, '05.

The Old Raccoon

V. ERNEST FIELD.

Come, wander with me by the waters
And list to their gentle tune;
Come wander with me 'mid the shadows
On the banks of the old Raccoon.

For soft is the voice of the waters
And gentle and peaceful their flow;
And fair are the balmy breezes
That softly o'er them blow.

I love there to walk in the springtime,
With Nature herself to commune,
Where the sycamores rise so stately
On the banks of the old Raccoon.

There is rest in the shade of the willows,
And peace by that stream so fair;
There is balm for a soul full of sadness
And rest for a heart full of care.

When night wafts its kiss to the waters,
By the light of the rising moon
I love to walk in the gloaming
On the banks of the old Raccoon.

When far from these scenes of my boyhood,
Of the past and its joys I'll dream,
Of the charming and beautiful valley
With its rippling winding stream.

In my eye will I see those waters
  Which ever tranquilly flow,
Those shaded banks, those quiet bowers,
  The branches hanging low.

In my ear I will hear that music,
  The water's melodious tune,
As it sings of the days that we spent
  On the banks of the old Raccoon.

When wearied with life and its burdens,
  Of earth and its pomp and pride,
When age, with uplifted sceptre,
  Stands grimly at my side,

When nearing the end of my journey,
  I'll count it my greatest boon
To walk once more, as in days gone by,
  On the banks of the old Raccoon.

In the morning of life I have loved it,
  I will love it still at noon,
And, when evening has fallen upon me,
  I will rest by the old Raccoon.

A Senior's Lament

My college days draw near their end.
Alas — too soon their course has run,
Too few the days I yet may spend
Amid these scenes of careless fun.

A Freshman green, four years ago,
I trembling climbed this classic mount,
Resolved all ancient lore to know,
To drink deep draughts at wisdom's fount.

In Sophomoric sport and revel
My second year passed idly by.
I smoked and drank and played the devil,
A reckless dashing blade was I.

My Junior year in careless bliss
I spent beneath Don Cupid's sway.
Full many a maiden I did kiss,
Full many a heart I stole away.

A Senior now, I sore repent.
My sheepskin seems a fleeting vision
In toil my midnight hours are spent,
To graduate — my chief ambition.

Ah! Freshman, toiling up the way,
Lose not thy glowing aspirations
Nor wreck thy spirit young and gay
In reckless, empty dissipations.

Ah! Junior light of heart and head
Beware when maiden's charms invite.
In learning's path thy feet should tread,
Let wisdom be thy chief delight.

Alas! my path grows rough and weary.
Oh! Faculty! My prayer attend!
Have pity on my fate so dreary,
Grant me my sheepskin in the end.

Shall I o'er rippling rivulets glide
Through shady nooks, past meadows wide,
Quiet and calm in the summer's sun
Contentedly moving leisurely on;
Nor onward guide my restless barque
By changing scenes and thronging mart
Out on the rushing waters, cold
And wrap my breast in the Ocean's fold,
Because all around me is calm and serene
And never a sign of danger seen?
No.—I long much more for the Ocean's roar
Nor fear what the future hath in store,
But launch my boat and put to sea,
Trusting my Pilot will care for me.

C. F. B.

Before and After

A one-handed, narrow-bottomed, lop-sided sled,
A love-sick couple before they are wed.
A little bit of flimsy seat just built for one,
A frisky young pony out for a little fun.
A great big bump in the middle of the street,
Total ignorance of the fate they are going to meet.
A muffled shriek, two feet of snow
And it's a long way to Granville
When the mercury is getting low.

Long since married and out for a little drive,
An even dozen children chained at your side,
A long flat "bob," both strong and wide
Side boards, wire netting, brakes at the side.
Two old mules with labored tread,
Sun shining brightly over your head,
For it is a long way to Granville
When the mercury is getting low,
And, an even dozen children is mighty heavy you know.


E.
Morris
Jones

Spinning Wheel Song

CLARA LOUISE MCDONALD' '03.

Hidden away 'mid the long-gath'ring shadows,
Hidden with dreams of the days that are past,
Grandmother's spinning-wheel keeps lonely vigils
Musing o'er joys all too precious to last.
Hushed is the song that it sang in the old time,
Lost in the lapse of the years that have flown,
Turn it once more, and again it will whisper,
Sweet, droning notes of the spinning-wheel song.

Whirring and ringing, and buzzing and singing,
List to the song with its melody sweet,
Laden with sorrow, yet daring to borrow,
Joys from the pleasures of life's sum complete.
Out from the cobwebs that Time's hand has woven,
Out from the shadows and silence of years,
Echoes of music all freighted with laughter,
Echoes of sighs with a burden of tears.

Softly the wheel with its swift-sounding murmur,
Whispers in minor strains, tender and low,
Brimful of sadness, yet rippling with gladness,
Songs of the beautiful long-long ago.
Freighted with mysteries, laden with witcheries,
Calling sweet dream-visions forth from the gloom,
Swells it at last to an anthem triumphant,
Slow swings the wheel, for its music is done.

O'er it again falls the shade of oblivion,
Washed in the waters from Lethe's slow stream,
Fitfully sobbing, with life-passions throbbing,
Into the gloom dies this voice of a dream.
Falling away in a soft-sounding cadence,
Hushed to a lullaby solemn and deep,
No more of sorrow, from Hope's realm to borrow
Leave we the Past, with its memories to sleep.

When Hearts are True

Without the storm is raging fast
  And icy sleet and blinding snow,
Impelled by Boreas' howling blast,
  O'er hill and valley madly blow.

Within the fire burns bright and warm.
  The crackling flame with cheerful glow
Doth mock the fury of the storm.
  What matter tho' the northwind blow!

A maid divine sits at my side,
  In her deep eyes love's art doth read
The secrets that she fain would hide,
  Why give the stormwind thought or heed?

What tho' misfortune's storms rage high,
  Our bark be tossed on angry sea,
Tho' tempests dark life's course defy,
  Our love shall but the stronger be.

Ah! Who will weep while love shall last,
 Why heed the world's unfriendly blast,
 When hearts are true and hearts are kin,
  Let love and joy hold sway within.

A New Year's Eve

CHARLES F. BURKE, '04.

"I remimber yit," said Uncle Jim
As he meditatively spit and wiped his chin,
"Jus' forty years ago to-day, me and Jane wuz settin here
Awaiting fur the comin year,
As young folks does that's gone togither
Fur well nigh on three year, or rither,
Since we wuz children in good old 'Skeets,'
With its gabled roofs and winding streets,
And old rough rocks where you're supposed to step
To keep your feet from gettin wet,
And where if you wuz girls and kind of skeery,
And feared of gettin yur closes dirty,
Would miss them stones bout every pop,
And land right in the mud, kerflop,
At least, that's the way Mary Jane wud do,
And then us boys, that's me and Hugh,
Wud rescue her frum out the mud,
And then she'd smile as sweet as she cud,
Jus as if she enjoyed it grand
A-gettin' stuck and carried to land.
And did I enjoy? Well, I reckon sich times as those,
Wuz the times Dan Cupid 'uz huverin close,
A-shootin his arrers and little darts,
Jus' fur practice, I gess, on our young hearts.
Well, me and Jane grew thick as we cud be,
As thick as gum on a cherry tree,
As thick as molasses in January,
You couldn't hev parted us with a noterary.
So of course on New Year's Eve, you know,
Me and Jane wuz settin so,

Talking of love? well not exactly,
But of runnin brooks and buzzin bees,
And all sich things that han't nothin to do,
With life nur love, nur me nur you.
It mus' be gittin' nigh on twelve sez I,
A edgin closer and closer by,
And lookin slyly at the great old clock,
That ticked and ticked on the mantel top,
So close sezs she in accents clear
I kin almost smell the dyin year,
Or, perhaps 'tis a rat sez Mary then,
And moved away to the other end.
The room grew still the silence ominess,
And now 'tis time, sez I, fur business,
But still I sot mechanically;
And never a word escaped frum me.
All at once the clock begin to start,
A keepin time to my beatin heart,
And a-sendin a delightful shiver,
From one end of me clean to the ither.
The spell wuz broke and like a boomerang,
Right straight up frum my chair I sprang,
And all her struggling wuz in vain,
Fur I hed my arms 'round Mary Jane.
There wuz rosy lips and a dimpled cheek,
There wuz a little pause and a muffled shriek,
And the kindly clock with its clamorous din,
Previnted the naburs frum comin in. —
Well, that wuz forty year ago to-day,
Since we watched the clock a-plodding away,
But still in my memory I see it plain,
That new Year's Eve with Mary Jane.

A Dream

Stretched out comfortably in my Morris chair, with the coals snapping in the grate and the light dimly burning, my thoughts wandered where they willed.

Suddenly I was roused by the sound of a bell, clear and imperative its summons rang upon the frosty air. With a startled "7:20! I must go!" I gathered up my books, put on my cap and started for the Hill. The air was keenly invigorating, but for some cause I felt depressed. Casting about for a reason, I realized all at once that the German lesson, to which recitation I was now going, was not fully prepared. "Well, if I flunk — I flunk! I spent over two hours on it anyway, and that discussion on Riehl's style had to be started,"— was the consolation I gave myself.

As I neared the Dorm, other students were coming, all deeply interested in a little flexibly bound book such as I held in my hand. "Goodness!" and a chill seized me. "Do we have stem groups to-day? I haven't looked at them, so it's trust to luck, sure enough!" I seated myself with a calmness born of despair and waited. "Wir haben zunächst"—the voice of Herr Professor sounded stern—"die Stamengruppen."

"Oh, if I had only come in late I might not have been called upon! Herr W-k-d-n usually does!" But luck turned in my favor and the eagle eye glanced beyond me to other trembling souls, whose laggard steps as they passed to the board indicated the dearth in their minds relative to the subject desired.

"Nun haben wir," and Prof. picked up a volume of Schiller's "Thirty Years War." A queer feeling thrilled me and I sighed to myself as I found the desired place. Three recitations followed while my spirits sank to zero; then came my name, to which I meekly responded: "Not prepared, Professor."

"Herr McK." "Not prepared." "Fraulein P."—the same answer. Fraulein B."—and a look of calm security, indicating "she will not fail me," shone on his face. And she did not. Glances of ireful despair were exchanged among the crestfallen ones, and as the name Fraulein S-p-d was heard, the gathering storm broke.

"Professor, I didn't get over this and —"

"Auf Deutsch! Auf Deutsch, bitte!"

"Ich denke dass —Oh, I can't say it in *German,* but the lessons are too long!"

"Too long!" (eyebrows slightly raised.) "I was not aware that I was overburdening you. Do the—"

Fr. C-l. "It took over three hours for to-day just to—"

Fr. J-n-s. "If you make anything like a smooth translation it is impossible—"

Mingled chorus of: "So many new words!" "Hard to use the dic—" "Can't understand what—" "That essay to write!" While above all rose the voice of Fr. S-p-d. "And we just *can't* keep our lights on after half-past nine!"

Consternation, almost dismay, overspread the Prof.'s face, but he said soothingly, with a reproving glance at the young men, who, instead of aiding the strike, were smiling broadly: "Well! I don't want to be the cause of your breaking any rules, and if you really think the lessons are too long, we will shorten them. However, you should have no trouble in preparing them if you will only prepare them. To-morrow you may take three of the stem groups and two and one-half pages of the translation. You may have until Monday to prepare your themes, and as the hour has almost expired the class is excused."

So had we nearly expired, but the point had been gained. To-morrow we would have only one hundred and fifty lines to translate, whereas to-day there had been at least one hundred and sixty. A door slammed, and a hearty, "Hello, old man! Got your Dutch?" brought me back to the stern realities of every-day life.

R. D.

A Pathway

O. I. DUSTHIMER, '03.

There is a path, you know it well,
With its crooked windings so,
  Across a stream
  Where the minnows gleam,
And the reeds nod to and fro.

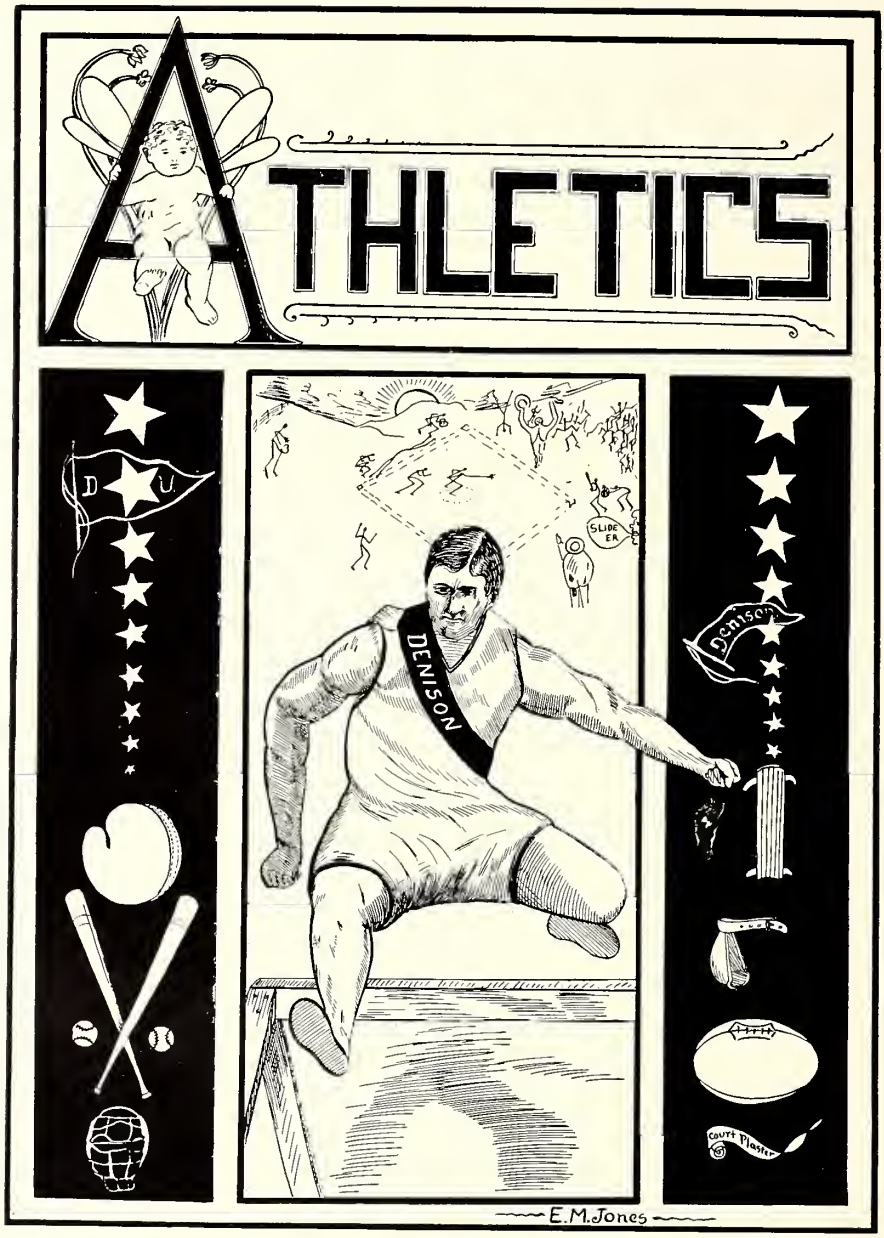
A turn to the left, through a gate to the right,
And on where the bluets hide,
  By the towering hill
  And the rippling rill,
  And the daisies close beside.

And on and on as it turns and twists,
Through a vale where the cliffs rise high,
  Where the trees hang low,
  And the wild ferns grow,
With only a glimpse of the sky.

Now ye who wander this path along,
In the days while your life is new,
  When years have sped
  Across your head,
Will its memories cling to you?

When you come to mix in the busy throng
That fights in the marts for gold,
  Will you tire of the strife
  Of your busy life,
And long for the days of old?

When you took that path on a bright spring day,
Leading out from the old, old town,
  Unburdened with care,
  And wandered there,
And dreamed 'till the sun went down.


ATHLETICS
DU
SLIDE ER
DENISON
Denison
Court Plaster
E.M.Jones



Athletic Association

Officers

President - -	CHARLES F. BURKE, '04
Vice-President - -	GALE SEAMAN, '05
Secretary - -	ROBERT W. SULLIVAN, '06
Treasurer - - -	R. MORRIS WYLIE, '04
Curator - -	G. W. WYMER, '06

Academy Member of Executive Committee

ROMEO A. JOHNSON

Board of Control

DR. R. S. COLWELL L. A. AUSTIN B. F. MCCANN
DR. H. R. HUNDLEY J. S. WEST, '04
J. FULTON VAN VOORHIS, '05


19
02



Varsity Team 1902

Coach - - - - FRANK W. STANTON
Captain - - - - S. GUY JONES
Manager - - - A. N. NETTLEMAN

Team

A. H. HIXSON - - - -	Center
GEORGE E. HOWELL - - -	Left Guard
CHARLES C. PATTERSON - -	Right Guard
S. GUY JONES - - - -	Right Tackle
JOHN A. CHERNEY - - -	Left Tackle
GEORGE W. WYMER - - -	Right End
FRED S. LARUE - - -	Left End
ALLAN ROUDEBUSH - - -	Quarterback
J. FULTON VAN VOORHIS - -	Right Half
HOWARD E. FLANAGAN - - -	Left Half
EDWARD B. LOUGHRIDGE - -	Full and Tackle
ROMEO A. JOHNSON - - -	Fullback
WILLIAM H. SPROULL - -	Substitute
FRED R. RUMMEL	
GEORGE NICHOLS	
G. MAX BARTON	



Games of 1902

September 20	Denison, 29	20th U. S. I., 0
September 27	Denison, 0	O. M. U., 6
October 4	Denison, 18	Muskingum, 0
October 11	Denison, 6	O. W. U., 29
October 18	Denison, 5	Wittenberg, 11
October 25	Denison, 0	Kenyon, 18
November 1	Denison, 17	Western Reserve, 16
November 8	Denison, 12	Kenyon, 0
November 15	Denison, 6	Wooster, 6
November 27	Denison, 5	Miami, 24

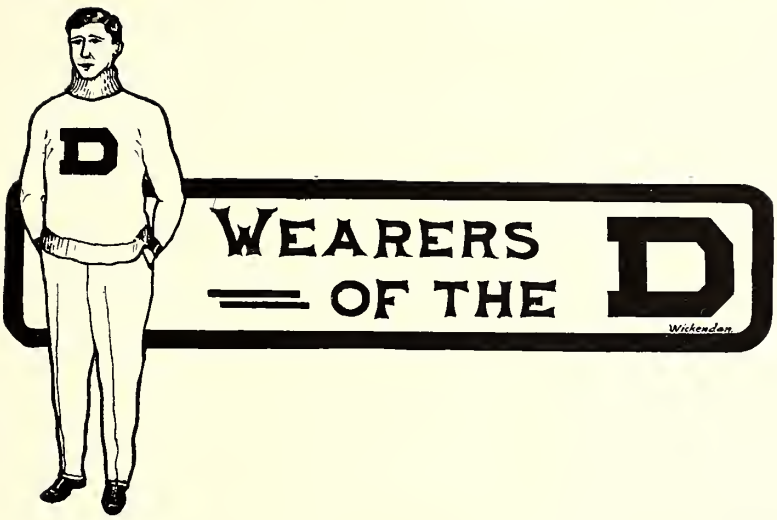
Summary

Denison, 98 - - - - - - - Opponents, 110

Second Team

Captain—J. Roe Burt
John Swartz
Will Evans
Boyd Chambers
John W. Fuller
Louis H. Burr
John L. Randall
Harry Shutts
Edwin C. Roberts

Manager—Raymond D. Sprout
J. Whitcomb Shepardson
J. Roe Burt
Perry D. Woods
Daniel W. Rittenhouse
Rowland S. Clissold
Elmer M. Vance
C. Burton Nickels
Blaine Culbertson



E. B. Loughridge -	Foot ball
R. D. Sprout - -	Foot ball
G. W. Wymer - -	Foot ball
Fred S. LaRue - -	Foot ball
L. W. Swing - -	Base ball, Foot ball
H. E. Flanagan - -	Base ball, Foot ball
S. Guy Jones - -	Foot ball
K. O. Burrer - -	Base ball
G. M. Barton - -	Base ball
W. H. Sproull - -	Foot ball
J. A. Cherney - -	Foot ball
J. C. Green - -	Base ball
Allan Roudebush -	Base ball, Foot ball
A. H. Hixson - -	Foot ball
J. F. VanVoorhis - -	Foot ball
Fred R. Rummel - -	Foot ball
Elmer M. Vance - -	Foot ball
G. W. Nichols - -	Foot ball
G. W. Howell - -	Foot ball
R. A. Johnson - -	Foot ball


B. B. TEAM 1902.



Varsity Team 1902

Captain—Mark Winchester *Manager*—F. D. Perkins

Team

Clifford M. Philpot, p
George M. Barton, 1st b
Howard E. Flanagan, ss
Joseph C. Green, 3d b
Charles Gee, c
Edward J. Cherney, p
Karl O. Burrer, c
Allan Roudebush, 2d b
Frank Powell, r f
Milton Saylor, l f
Mark Winchester, c f

Games of 1902

April 12,	-	Denison 19	-	-	Mutes 6
April 19,	-	Denison 2	-	-	Maroons 8
April 26,	-	Denison 16	-	-	Capitol U. 1
May 3,	-	Denison 13	-	-	Muskingum 9
May 9,	-	Denison 10	-	-	O. W. U. 15
May 10,	-	Denison 5	-	-	Ohio 6
May 14,	-	Denison 5	-	-	Western Reserve 1
May 17,	-	Denison 6	-	-	O. W. U. 7
May 20,	-	Denison 13	-	-	W. & J. 5
May 23,	-	Denison 3	-	-	O. S. U. 2
May 24,	-	Denison 4	-	-	Muskingum 2
May 27,	-	Denison 4	-	-	West Virginia 2
		Denison 1	-	-	West Virginia 5
May 28,	-	Denison 8	-	-	W. & J. 7
May 29,	-	Denison 12	-	-	Westminster 3
May 30,	-	Denison 6	-	-	Rochester A. C. 2
		Denison 2	-	-	Rochester A. C. 7
May 31,	-	Denison 0	-	-	Homestead A. C. 11
June 4,	-	Denison 29	-	-	Newark 0
June 7,	-	Denison 4	-	-	Wooster 1
June 9,	-	Denison 10	-	-	Kenyon 5
June 10,	-	Denison 12	-	-	Alumni 10
June 11,	-	Denison 14	-	-	Mt. Union 1

Summary

Denison 198 Opponents 116

The Denison Records

100 yard dash—10¼ sec. - -	D. E. Beasley, '82
220 yard dash—23¼ sec. - - -	Harry Shutts, '95
¼ mile run—51 sec. - - -	W. A. Colwell, '99
½ mile run—2 min., 7¼ sec. - -	W. A. Colwell, '99
1 mile run—4 min., 44 2-5 sec. -	W. A. Colwell, '99
Running high jump—5 ft., 4½ in.	W. A. Roudebush, '02
Running broad jump—20 ft., 6¾ in.	W. A. Roudebush, '02
Run, H. S. and jump—44 ft. 4 in.	W. A. Roudebush, '02
Pole vault—9.1 ft. - - - -	J. J. Runyan, '06
Shot put, 16 lb.—35 ft., 11 in. .	A. E. DeArmond, '95
Hammer throw—92 ft., 6 in. - -	W. C. Marlowe, '99

Tennis Tournament, 1902

Manager - - - - H. D. McKibben

Singles won by W. A. Roudebush.

Doubles won by F. C. Lewis and W. D. Sample.

Ladies' singles won by Dorothy Kibler.

Freshman-Sophomore Field Day

The need of a fair athletic contest in which the rivalry between the two lower classes might be settled, was filled this year by a day of athletic contests as suggested by Dr. Hunt. The spirit developed upon this occasion was such as to justify the expectation that this contest will become a permanent institution and will supplant the much criticised class rush of former years.

Summary of Points Won

EVENT	1905	1906
Potato race	2	0
Wrestling match	0	3
Obstacle race	3	0
Relay race	0	3
Tug of war	0	4
Foot Ball game, 23-0	0	6
	5	16

Class Foot Ball Teams

1906 TEAM	1905 TEAM
HIXSON	NICHOL
HOWELL	PATTERSON
SWYGART	GEIL
MONTGOMERY	SHEPARD
WOODS	OWEN
SWARTZ	NIXON
WYMER	ORCUTT
EVANS	GREEN
RUMMEL	VAN VOORHIS
ROUDEBUSH	CHERNEY
CHAMBERS	SHUTTS

Shepardson Athletics

Three shrill blasts of a whistle, a number of blue-clad figures skurrying towards a central point of the campus, a captain's call to "line up" and the basket-ball teams are ready for action.

Crescents and Stars take their respective places, the ball is tossed and the game begins. Back and forth it goes in rapid play, while the spectators on the side lines cheer vociferously. Now a tall Crescent pulls the ball down as it is speeding towards a Star, but her throw is checked by a doughty opponent who slips in front and secures the ball. The excitement increases in intensity as the game progresses, the tennis players leave their courts and watch eagerly to see who will be victorious.

Finally the Crescents score and the Stars redouble their play. Only a minute more! Can they accomplish anything in that time! Ah, the ball is nearing their goal! The guard has it and passes it quickly to the goal-thrower who tosses it squarely above the basket! As it settles snugly down the whistle announces 'time up' and the score is tied.

Basket-ball and Tennis are heartily engaged in until the weather drives us in-doors. Here our space is limited but small classes can and do accomplish a great deal. New appliances have been added until the room will hold no more and we come away from our Gym Class with glowing cheeks and clearer brains.

When our Athletic Association has been formed and our girls have come off victorious in the games with other teams, and we have a new room in which to use our apparatus then Shepardson Athletics will flourish as never before.

Three cheers for the Gym that we now have, but three cheers and a tiger for the one that is coming.

Shepardson Basket Ball Teams

FALL TERM, 1902.

CRESCENT. (Winning Team.)	STAR.
Genevieve Shepard, *capt.*	Elsie Husted, *capt.*
Mildred Hunt,	Mary Jones,
Grace McClelland,	Ruth Drake,
Mabel Skipp,	Daisy Shambaugh,
Ella Roberts,	Helen Martin,
Donna Russell.	Abigail McCollum.

Shepardson College Field Day

MAY 30, 1902

Officials

Referee -	PROF. W. A. CHAMBERLIN
Marshal - -	DR. H. R. HUNDLEY
Judges at Finish	PROF. W. H. JOHNSON LINA WILLIS ETHEL CLISSOLD
Field Judges -	PROF. W. H. BOUGHTON BESSIE LENTZ
Time Keepers -	BURTON CASE L. A. AUSTIN
Starter -	PROF. F. L. HUTSON
Clerk of Course -	LILIAN MEGGINSON
Assisted by Electives	
Inspector -	MISS A. B. PECKHAM
Scorer - -	GRACE SIDDERS
Announcers -	MARCIA OGLE MARY MEGGINSON
Caddie - -	GUY RODES

Gate Keepers and Assistants to Marshal

N. J. PERKINS — H. R. HICK
W. C. HUMPTON — J. A. CHERNEY
H. H. WALL

Events

50-Yard Dash—7¼ sec.	Mildred Hunt
100-Yard Relay Race—14¼ sec.	Elective Team
Base Ball Throw—155.2 ft.	Ada Hunt
Basket Ball Throw—48.2 ft.	Anna Swing
Putting 16-lb. Shot—20.6 ft.	Helen Martin
Belle Cycle	Grace Backus
Archery—10 points	Adelaide Jenness
Slow Bicycle Race—1 min. 32½ sec.	Elsie Husted
Potato Race—40 sec.	Ruth Herrick
Basket Ball Game—4-0	Won by the Stars

Summary of Points by Classes

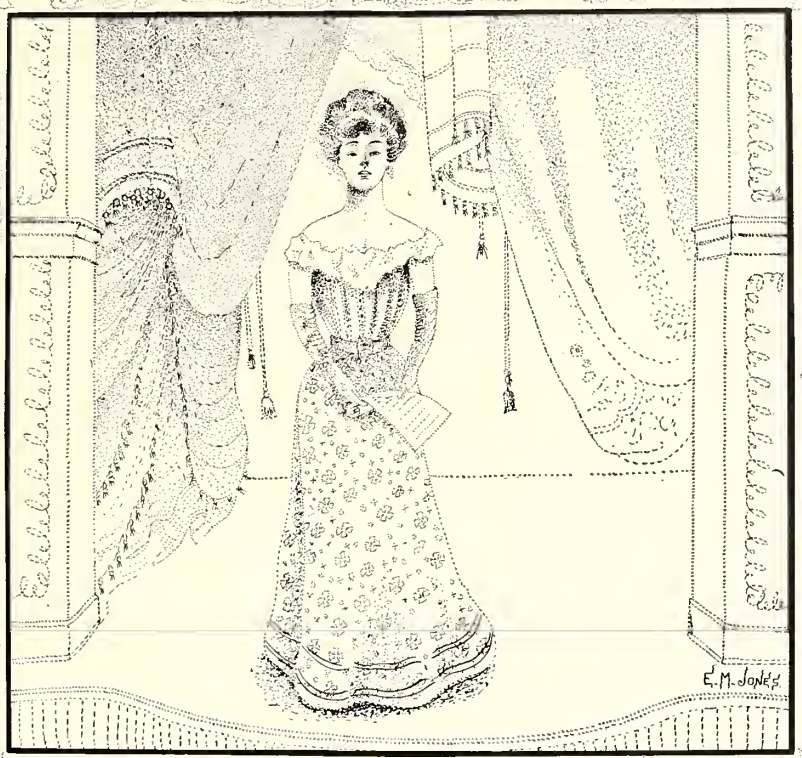
1902	11
1903	0
1904	8
1905	8
S. P. 1902	8
S. P. 1903	3
S. P. 1904	12
Electives	14

Banner won by electives.

Basket Ball Officials

Referee	F. S. La Rue
Umpire	M. E. Adkins
Scorer	Mary Megginson

Literary Societies





Philomathean

Flower : Heliotrope. Color : Lavender.

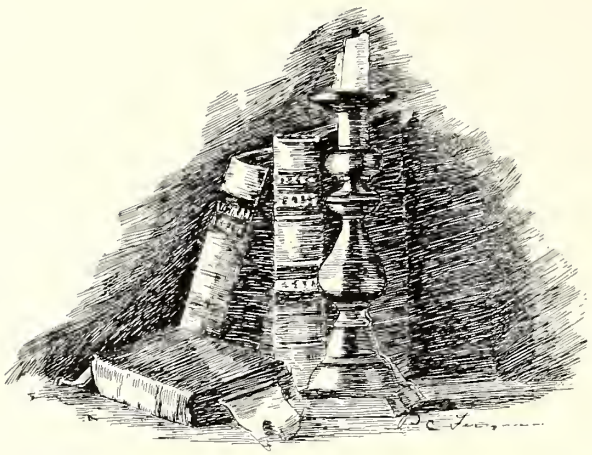
Motto : "Sic itur ad astra."

Officers

President	Daisy Shambaugh
Vice-President	Grace Nichols
Recording Secretary	Vernice Hunter
Corresponding Secretary	Bettye Corpening
Chaplain	Florence Nickels
Critic	Kate Chambers
	Grace Price
Sergeant-at-arms	Bertha Fetzer
	Edna McDaniel
	Helen Martin

Members

Bessie Beck
Florence Beckel
Blanche Bowman
Mabel Butterfield
Ethel Buxton
Kate Chambers
Bettye Corpening
Grace Crawford
Mabel Denison
Sarah Drake
Mary Ferguson
Pearl Ferguson
Bertha Fetzer
Elizabeth Fullerton
Mary Fulton
Lista Geil
Bertha Heacock
Grace Henderson
Mary Hunt
Vernice Hunter
Adelaide Jenness
Frances Johnson
Ellen Johnson
Mertie Jones
Gwendolyn Jones
Helen LeCrone
Florence Marsh
Helen Martin
Florence McClelland
Edna McDaniel
Bertha McDonald
Clara McDonald
Mary McKibben
Ruth McKibben
Dora Moore
Belle Newton
Grace Nichols
Florence Nickels
Ruth Patton
Hattie Rogers
Faith Pomeroy
Grace Price
Donna Russell
Daisy Shambaugh
Lulu Shinn
Mabel Skipp
Bertha Smith
Lillian Snow
Olive Spencer
Eleanor Thomas
Lucy White
Alice Williams
Helen Williams
Elsa Wright
Grace Yoakum
Amy Zimmerman



Samantha and Si Visit Philo

"Say, Si, let's go visit that 'air Philo serciety they talks so much abaout. It must be 'most as good as aour Braowning Club, 'sides Jake says thar's heaps of pritty gals thar."

* * * * *

Arrived at Philo, Si's heart was immediately captured by a fair usher. In an aside to Samanthy he remarked "Ain't she a stunner?" Now Samanthy, being of rather a jealous disposition, grabbed Si's arm and marched him past the dainty maiden to a front seat.

A critical survey of the crowd was first in order.

"Wonder who that stuck-up-lookin' gal on th' second row from th' back over thar is?" asked Samanthy indicating the direction with her thumb. "Isn't that a meek-lookin' gal next to her. She'll make 'most as fine a lookin' old lady as I be. Look at that gal sittin' over thar with that feller. I thought Jake said as how that the b'ys dassn't sit with their gals hair'."

"Oh! Turn' raound S'manthy ye're missin' part of the show," soon announced Si.

A dignified young lady in black was calling the meeting to order.

The roll call came first. This was listened to in open-mouthed silence. The chaplain's exercises were broken into with numerous fervent "Amens" on the part of Si.

The first number on the program was a piano solo. "Gee! Whiz! She kin play 'most as well as aour Susie, can't she?" exclaimed Si, clapping his hands clumsily at its conclusion.

An essay on "Man and Some of His Accomplishments" followed, causing such comments as "Wal, naouw' Si, didn't that shaow brains?" "She had orter j'in aour Braowning Club," and so forth.

An amusing sketch was then read producing many a loud guffaw from Si, greatly mortifying Samanthy thereby.

The vocal solo "Love has Eyes" had a great effect upon Samanthy who said "That reminds me of when Belindy sings."

The Philomathean which was unusually good received many favorable comments.

At the conclusion of a story "Walter's First Call," Samanthy turned to Si with the remark "I wander ef that feller re'lly did call on a Sem gal?"

The program closed with another piano solo that made a great impression on both visitors if outward appearances are not deceiving.

"Wal, I'm glad I went, aint you S'manthy," said Si on the way home.



Euterpean

Colors: Yellow and White

Officers

President	Bess Colwell
Vice President	Bess Thornton
Recording Secretary	Edith Work
Corresponding Secretary	Eleanor McDowell
Treasurer	Elsie Husted
Pros. Attorney	Lina Willis
Chaplain	Myra Pellens
Critic	Rachel Colwell

Members

Beulah Brown
Mary Brotherton
Anna Beattie
Helen Case
Rachel Colwell
Elizabeth Colwell
Helen Crane
Beulah Condit
Anna Chambers
Vivra Dickerson
Alice Dalzell
Amy Dodson
Ruth Drake
Rosalie Hisey
Clara Follett
Stella Humbert
Bessie Gully
Elsie Husted
Louise Jones
Janet Jones
Mary Jones
Jess King
Estella King
Eleanor McDowell
Grace McClelland
Grace McCullem
Margaret McKibben
Corinne A. Metz
Faye Marlowe
Lilian Megginson
Edna Martin
Ruth Orcutt
Myra Pellens
Mary Palmerton
Ella Roberts
Martha Smoots
Genevieve Shepard
Besse Thornton
Edna Thornton
Bess Trumper
Hope Turnbaugh
Alice Tuttle
Mary Tuttle
Margaret Watkins
Esther Williams
Marjorie Williams
Bessie Wilson
Edith Watson
Mabel Wylie
Lina Willis
Edith Work
Lilian Wyly
Grace Wells
Grace Wright



The Story of the "Gold and White"

All through the still, dark night the fairies up in the sky were merrily tumbling the huge feathery snow-flakes over the edge of the old gray cloud, and laughing in great glee to see how beautiful old mother earth looked in her fleecy, soft white gown, fashioned by their own deft little fingers.

The first faint light of morning disclosed the beautiful earth in its robe of spotless purity. Euterpe, best and fairest of the daughters of Jove, looked out upon the glorious scene from her home on the lofty peak of old Mount Olympus. What wonderful thing did she see, so white and cool and soft covering all the earth! Never before had there been snow on Olympus; but the tricky little fairies sometimes have very queer ideas, and they fancied that they would enjoy seeing Old Olympus white instead of that monotonous green.

As Euterpe looked, the Sun in his golden chariot came riding over the hills, cracking his whip of yellow light and bathing the whole scene in golden glory. Euterpe clapped her hands with delight, "How glorious," she cried, "Most beautiful of all the colors! Gold and White." When, among the bands of my followers, I shall find one that seems best of all to me, upon that one I shall bestow the "Gold and White."

Months, years, centuries rolled by, and many times fleet-winged messengers brought to Euterpe news of her bands of

faithful followers. But still she hesitated, "Not yet," she said, "have you brought me word of a society worthy of my colors." At last one beautiful day the fleetest of her messengers came flying swiftly homeward to Euterpe. "Far, far away across the great Atlantic I have flown," he whispered, "across the United States to the beautiful village of Granville. Above that pretty little city the air was disturbed by the gentle whispering of lovely voices from below. I stopped to listen, and to my amazement they were discussing the question of colors for a Euterpean Literary society. What message shall I carry to them?"

Euterpe's eyes grew bright with excitement, "At last the time has come," she cried. "This is the favored band. Its members shall wear my colors. Go quickly and whisper in each ear, Euterpe grants you the *'Gold and White'*."

E. R. T.





Calliopean

Officers

President, - - - - - - - O. I. Dusthimer
Vice-President, - - - - - - C. D. Hayden
Recording Secretary, - - - - - - J. L. Randall
Treasurer, - - - - - - - G. W. Nichols
Corresponding Secretary, - - - - - R. W. Quick
Critic, - - - - - - - - J. S. West
Chaplain, - - - - - - - J. E. Geil
Reporter, - - - - - - - Harry Skipp

Members

1903

O. I. Dusthimer — Howard E. Flanagan
Elmer M. Jones

1904

Edward B. Loughridge — James S. West
C. D. Hayden — John L. Randall
Harry J. Skipp — Carl M. Revenaugh

1905

John A. Cherney — John E. Geil
George A. Howell — Emmet H. Leslie
Charles F. Mathews — George W. Nichols
Justin W. Nixon — D. Paul Orcutt
W. E. Arter — Gale Seaman
Charles E. Oxley

1906

T. E. Bollinger — Mose S. Griffith
J. S. Bridges — Walther N. Grimmel
Emerson S. Clem — Arthur H. Hixson
Leonard J. Fox — Homer B. Miller
Albert K. Morris — Charles Prose
Ralph W. Quick — Daniel F. Rittenhouse
Fletcher S. Scott — Robert W. Sullivan
John C. Swartz — Perry D. Woods
William B. Wright — J. Ben Yale



Franklin

Motto: Excelsior.

Officers

President	I. A. Field
Vice President	Hugh R. Hick
Recording Secretary	W. M. Bayless
Corresponding Secretary	W. C. Humpton
Treasurer	Paul McKibben
Critic	Ralph B. Miller
Chaptain	Harold P. Chaffee
Sergeant-at-arms	A. F. Simpson

Members

1903

F. B. Amos
W. A. Zimmerman
Hugh R. Hick
Walter L. Flory
V. Ernest Field
Harold P. Chaffee
Irving A. Field

1904

Charles F. Burke
Orville C. Montgomery
W. E. Wickenden
Horace H. Wall
Herbert D. McKibben

1905

Alfred M. Colby
Ralph B. Miller
Charles C. Patterson
L. E. Gutridge
James Chaffee
John W. Shepardson

1906

Walter C. Humpton
C. Burton Nickels
R. Clay Van Voorhis
Allan C. Roudebush
Paul McKibben
Robert Pond
John H. Hislop
Will Evans
Walter M. Bayless
Ashbell Simpson
Paul D. Mitchell
Homer D. Swygart



Irving

Motto: Ε Ι Σ Ε Σ Μ Ε Ν

Colors: Old Gold and Red

Yell

Zip za! Zip za! Zip za zee!
We are Irving's don't you see?
Irving's, Irving's, Bim! Bam! Bem!
We are one, Yes! Ε Ι Σ Ε Σ Μ Ε Ν

Officers

President,	J. J. Runyan
Vice-President,	J. H. Lloyd
Recording Secretary,	R. C. Ditto
Corresponding Secretary	C. M. Mears
Treasurer,	G. C. Beck
Critic,	G. C. Crippen
Prosecuting Attorney,	A. W. Payne
Chaplain,	W. H. Fowle
Sergeant-at-Arms,	Q. L. Sanborn

Members

R. L. Wells
G. C. Beck
E. R. Bull
L. H. Burr
R. E. Carman
E. Cornell
G. C. Crippen
E. R. Davis
R. C. Ditto

R. A. Johnson
J. H. Lloyd
J. C. Loughridge
R. W. Luse
Earl McMillen
C. M. Mears
B. A. Mitchell
G. H. Orcutt

W. B. Work
S. A. Douglass
T. G. Erler
W. H. Fowle
D. F. Godfrey
P. H. Goodwin
P. G. Haines
L. C. Irwin
H. C. Johnson

A. Payne
Thomas Phillips
C. A. Purinton
J. J. Runyon
Q. L. Sanborn
M. G. Shaw
W. G. Spencer
W. R. Taylor

Irving Literary Society

The Irving Literary Society of Doane Academy was organized on March 16, 1883. The high purpose and enthusiasm of its charter members were indicated by the limited number of enthusiasts who gathered together to form this Literary Society.

This infant organization found that it could have no higher aims in its literary work than in the sparkling writings that came from the pen of Washington Irving, the foremost of American authors and writers. At the inauguration of the society, high literary and social improvements were planned for in order that their highest possible development might be realized.

The spirit of unity which is shown in the motto, "We are one," has ever pervaded the society and the fraternal spirit among the men is one of the many bonds of fellowship which holds the Alumni to the institution.

Under its inspiring leadership, men have climbed the mount of literary fame, conceived higher purposes, nobler ambitions and the impetus which they received as brothers in this society has been of great assistance to them in the practical walk of life.

After the monotony of a week's work, the diversion and inspiration received from the weekly meetings spurs the student on with renewed vigor. Its gathering of student members finds a place in the foremost rank of honor men who pass out yearly from the parental roof of this institution.

When we trace the history of this Society, we see by its glowing records that its aim is being accomplished, and the probable outcome is that its members will rival the fame of their adopted ancestor.

To Irving

W. G. SPENCER.

In Granville, quiet, shady town,
There stands a college of renown.
And in this grand old learning seat,
Yound Irvings true rejoice to meet.
There oratory sways the realm,
Her guiding hand firm holds the helm.

No Irving but is proud to be
A part of his society.
Is proud to wear Old Gold and Red,
Is not ashamed to lift his head
And say, "I am an Irving man,
Those trained in Irving lead the van."

Go where you will, seek where you may
O'er all this broad rich earth to-day:
It matters not, on sea or land
You're sure to find on ev'ry hand
Some loyal Irving, great or small
Who still remembers Irving Hall.



Cicero

Colors: Old Gold and Purple

Motto: Γνωθι σαυτον

Yell

Rickety, Rackety,
Sis, boom, ah!
Cicero, Cicero.
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Officers

President	D. C. Kite
Vice-President	Robert Hill
Recording Secretary	R. H. Tracy
Critic	L. H. Bethel
Treasurer	D. D. Condit
Chaplain	Edgar Harner
Sergeant at Arms	J. F. MacDonnell

Members

D. Clyde Kite
H. LeRoy Bethel
J. Frank McDonnell
John L. Olsen
Frank Ashmore
Owen A. Charles
Elmer M. Vance
Alby Kite
Will G. Lewis
Raymond H. Tracy
Fred D. Rogers
Homer C. Brown
Edgar G. Harner
David C. Railsback
Frank W. Morley
Robert Hill
Clyde Colby
Charles H. Starrett
Charles W. Shinn
Harry H. Willis
W. Herbert Luse
D. Dale Condit
Frank H. Cox
William H. Smith

Percy Ortt

Cicero Society

Greetings to our Alumni and friends; Cicero is doing good work. We are still holding to the high standards set by our predecessors. Our ambition is to keep our Society a first-class organization for the development of literary taste and mental culture.

For forty-three years our Society has been one of the strong factors in the literary life of Denison. Many prominent men have gone out from her doors better fitted for life's work. Some occupy chairs in the great Universities; other are filling the more important pulpits of our cities, while others are winning for themselves and their Alma Mater lasting fame in political circles.

The work of the present year, although inferior to what we had hoped for, has been of a high order. Each member has performed his duty with an enthusiasm that has rendered our programs both interesting and instructive. With such a glorious past we press forward to the goal gained by those alone who work with determination.


FRATERNITIES.
E. WORK.



Sigma Chi

1845 **Mu Chapter** 1868

Colors: Light Blue and Old Gold.

Resident Members

John H. Sample, '72

Dr. J. D. Thompson, Ex. '76

Prof. W. A. Chamberlin, '90

Prof. C. Edmund Neil, Gamma, '97

Active Members

1903

Frank B. Amos

William H. Sproull

1904

William E. Wickenden

Horace H. Wall

1905

Alfred M. Colby

Joseph C. Green

John G. Cross

1906

J. Frank Whallon

C. Burton Nickels

Fred R. Rummel

Pledged

Frank G. LaRue

Robert W. Luse

Stewart Goldsborough

John W. Fuller

Francis W. Morley


J.H.

Beta Theta Pi

1839 **Alpha Eta Chapter** 1868

Colors: Pink and Blue

1903

Edward C. Roberts
V. Ernest Field
Walter S. Flory
Donald H. Powers
Harold P. Chaffee

1904

Herbert D. McKibben
Fred S. La Rue

1905

J. Fulton Van Voorhis
John W. Shepardson
Robert D. Hunt
L. Lee Shepard
E. Gorton Davis
Ralph B. Miller
Fred D. Adams
D. Paul Orcutt
James F. Chaffee

1906

R. Clay Van Voorhis
Paul D. Mitchell
John H. Hislop
Frederick F. Wright
Rowland S. Clissold
Allan C. Roudebush
Paul S. McKibben
Jay V. Wescott

Pledged

Harry Tamblyn
S. A. Douglass
Vernon Priest



Phi Gamma Delta

1848 **Lambda Deuteron Chapter** 1885

Color: Royal Purple

Resident Members

CLARK W. CHAMBERLAIN, '94
RODERIC JONES, '00
CHARLES B. WHITE, '93

1903

S. GUY JONES
JAMES ROE BURT
HOWARD E. FLANAGAN

1904

GEORGE MAX BARTON
R. MORRIS WYLIE
FRED B. MOORE

1905

CHARLES K. CHAPMAN
ARTHUR NOYES PECKHAM
JOHN A. CHERNEY

1906

BOYD B. CHAMBERS
ROBERT E. POND
MERRILL R. MONTGOMERY
LEONARD J. FOX
JOHN A. SWARTZ
ROBERT W. SULLIVAN

Pledged

HARRY S. SPENCER
HAROLD C. JOHNSON
ALBERT B. JONES



Kappa Phi

1898 **Iota Chapter** **1903**

Colors: Cerise and Dark Blue

1903

Jess King

Estelle May King

Martha Grace Harford

1905

Ruth Eleanor McKibben
Stella Mildred Moore

Helen Case
Faith Pomeroy

1906

Mary Emily Ferguson

Helen M. Crane

Belle Newton

Electives

Shirley Park Pitser

Mary Brotherton

Ida Moore

Pledged

Rosalie Heisey



Chi Psi Delta

Corinne Anne Metz, '03
Elizabeth Thornton, '05
Amy Jeannette Dodson, '06
Anna Belle Beattie, '06
Esther Rees Williams, '06
Mary Louise Jones, '05
Elsie Cowlam Husted, '05
Eleanor Amand McDowell, '06
Genevieve Booth Shepard, '06
Besse Trumper, '06

Helen Williams, Elective
Louise P. Bond, Elective
Besse Willis, Elective

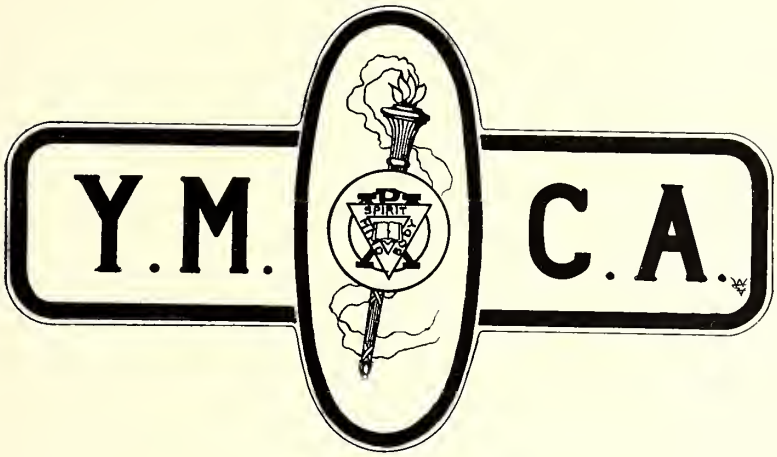
Pledged

Lina Marian Willis
Edna Rose Thornton




Miscellaneous
Organizations





Officers

President	James W. West
Vice-Presidcnt	Frank B. Amos
Rec. Secretary	William E. Wickenden
Cor. Secretary	Guy C. Crippen
Treasurer	John E. Geil

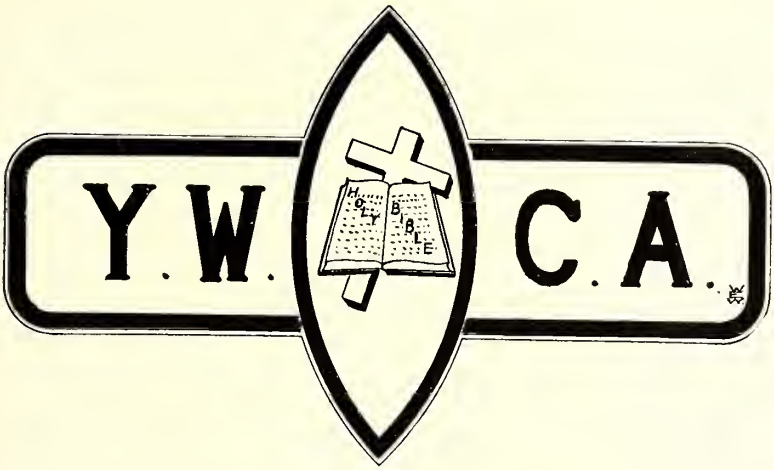
Chairmen of Committees

Bible Study	Gale Seaman
Missions	J. Frank Whallon
Membership	Allan N. Nettleman
Fall Campaign	Wm. E. Wickenden
Finance	Daniel F. Rittenhouse
Religious Meetings	Irving A. Field
Summer School	Lewis W. Smith
Hand Book	George W. Lewis
Social	Alfred M. Colby
Music	Harry J. Skipp
Denisonian Cor.	Will H. Fowle
Lecture Course	Hugh R. Hick

Officers 1903-04

President	James S. West
Vice-Pesident	James E. Geil
Rec. Secretary	Earl Bull
Cor. Secretary	W. H. Fowle
Treasurer	C. Burton Nickels





Officers

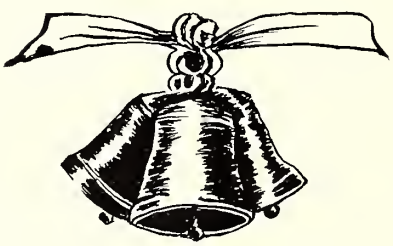
President ..... KATE CHAMBERS.
Vice President ..... LILIAN MEGGINSON.
Secretary ..... GRACE HARFORD.
Treasurer ..... SARAH DRAKE.

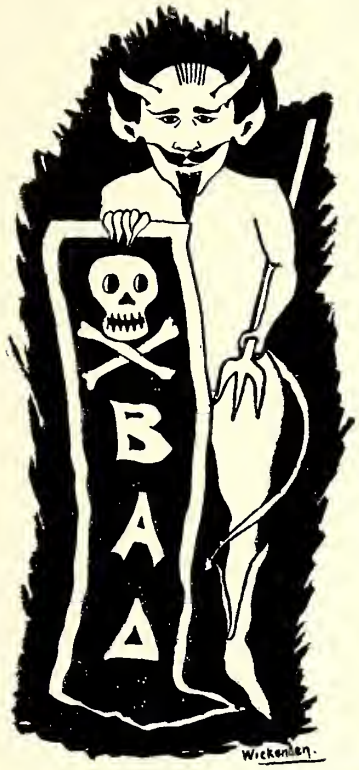
Chairmen of Committees

Devotional ..... LILLIAN SNOW.
Membership ..... LILIAN MEGGINSON.
Bible Study ..... DAISY SHAMBAUGH.
Finance ..... SARAH DRAKE.
Missionary ..... EDITH WORK.
Social ..... MABEL DENISON.
Music ..... BERTHA MCDONALD.
Intercollegiate ..... RUTH MCKIBBEN.

Y. W. C. A. Work

The Young Women's Christian Association during its brief life of six years has made rapid growth and now is recognized as one of the most important factors in our college life. It is the only Christian organization in Shepardson College and the only place where teachers and students meet on a common level. It seeks to develop character, enlarge the heart and broaden the life of every girl. This year the membership is larger than ever before and interest in the work is maintained by Weekly Prayer meetings, Student Bible Classes, Mission Study Class and various other enterprises. Affiliation with the larger interests of the movement is cultivated by sending delegates each year to the Lake Geneva Conference and to the State Conventions. Last summer three of our girls were at Lake Geneva and in November eighteen enjoyed the State Convention at Wooster. The inspiration of these meetings is brought back to our Association and manifested as living principles. We are hoping to entertain the Convention at Denison next year and are looking forward to it with much anticipation.





The Secret Order of Beta Alpha Delta

—

FOUNDED OCT. 10, 1902

—

Colors: Black and Blue

Members

1903

ALLAN N. NETTLEMAN
HUGH R. HICK
IRVING A. FIELD
HARRY B. GENGNAGEL

1904

CHARLES F. BURKE
WILLIAM E. WICKENDEN
HORACE HOLMES WALL
RAYMOND D. SPROUT
JAMES S. WEST

1905

CHARLES B. PATT

1906

C. BURTON NICKELS
HARWOOD LERSCH

Elective

FLETCHER S. SCOTT



DIRECTOR
ARTHUR L. JUDSON

FIRST VIOLIN

FRANK B. AMOS
PAUL CLEVELAND
FRANK LOYD
ROSALIE HISEY
CORA E. WILLIAMS
MAE WILSON

SECOND VIOLIN

E. MAURICE JONES
ELEANOR THOMAS
GUY CASE
MARY BROTHERTON

VIOLA

D. DALE CONDIT
A. P. SOOK

'CELLO

E. GORTON DAVIS
WILLIAM A. BERGER

BASS

LEE L. SHEPARD
FRED A. BURTNETT

FLUTE
CHARLES B. PATT

CLARIONET

HORACE H. WALL
W. W. STOCKBERGER

CORNET
JOHN G. CROSS

DRUMS
FRED R. RUMMEL



DIRECTOR

ARTHUR L. JUDSON

FIRST TENOR

THOMAS PHILLIPS
OWEN A. CHARLES
HORACE H. WALL
WALTER N. GRIMMEL

SECOND TENOR

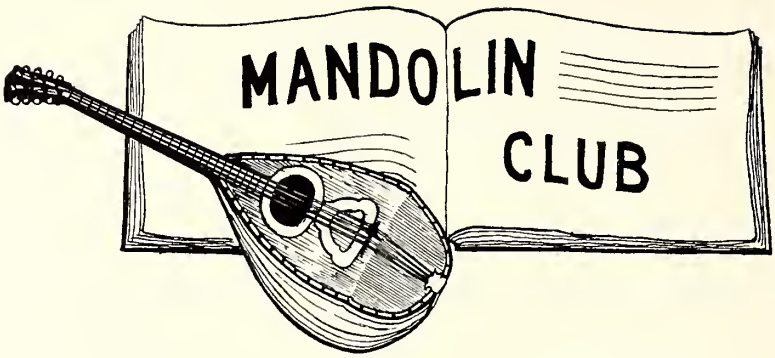
CHARLES PATT
JAMES F. CHAFFEE
EARL R. BULL
HAROLD P. CHAFFEE

FIRST BASS

FRED D. ADAMS
CHARLES SHINN
LEE L. SHEPARD
EDWIN C. ROBERTS

SECOND BASS

DONALD H. POWERS
GUY C. CRIPPEN
C. BURTON NICKELS
ROWLAND S. CLISSOLD



DIRECTOR
ARTHUR L. JUDSON

FIRST MANDOLIN

WILLIAM H. SPROULL
JAMES F. CHAFFEE
HERBERT D. MCKIBBEN
JOHN W. SHEPARDSON
FRED D. ADAMS

SECOND MANDOLIN

JAY V. WESCOTT
MAURICE PACE
S. AUGUSTUS DOUGLAS
CHARLES M. MEARS

MANDOLA
CHARLES F. BURKE

FLUTE
CHARLES B. PATT

VIOLIN

ARTHUR L. JUDSON
FRANK B. AMOS

VIOLA
D. DALE CONDIT

'CELLO
E. GORTON DAVIS

GUITARS

LEE L. SHEPARD
HAROLD P. CHAFFEE
DONALD H. POWERS
ELMER M. JONES
FRED A. BURTNETT
WALTER R. HUMPTON



J. H. Lloyd

Oratorical Association

Officers

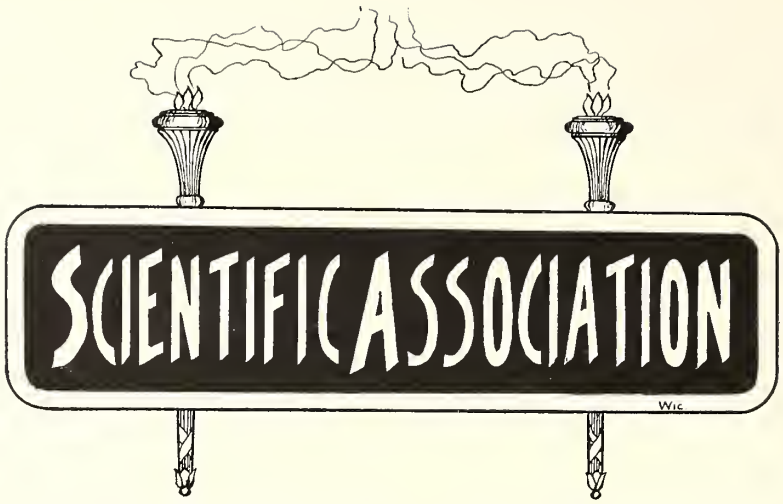
President	Howard E. Flanagan
Vice-President	Corinne A. Metz
Secretary	Ralph B. Miller
Treasurer	Faith Pomeroy

Local Preliminary Contest
January 13, 1903

J. H. Lloyd	1st Place
J. S. West	2nd Place
W. L. Flory	3rd Place

State Contest
Held at Marietta February 18, 1903.

J. O. Newcomb, Hiram	1st Place
J. H. Lloyd, Denison	2nd Place



Officers

President	Dr. Thos. L. Watson.
Vice President	Prof. W. H. Boughton.
Permanent Secretary	W. W. Stockberger.
Recording Secretary	K. O. Burrer.
Treasurer	I. A. Field.

The Denison Scientific Association is recognized as an important factor in the scientific work of the school. In these days of close specialization it affords the student a much needed opportunity to keep in touch with the progress of the entire scientific world. Its library is large and is constantly growing by the addition of current scientific literature obtained in exchange for its own publications. Bi-weekly meetings are held for the discussion of scientific subjects of general interest. This furnishes an excellent means of supplementing the regular class room and laboratory work. Membership is open to faculty and students under like conditions.



Officers

President ..... Prof. W. H. Johnson.
Vice President ..... Prof. G. F. McKibben.
Secretary ..... C. K. Chapman.

Program Committee

Prof. W. A. Chamberlin. Prof. R. S. Colwell.
Miss Anna B. Peckham.

The Language Association has entered upon its second year's existence. It has fully justified its being. It affords opportunity for a more extended discussion of language topics than can possibly be attempted in class-room work, and on this account is peculiarly valuable to the student in broadening his view of language study. The programs of the Association cover a wide range of subjects in all departments of linguistic study. An attempt is made to present the results of all recent language research. Critical and historical studies are given of classics from all languages taught in the departments of the college. The effort is to stimulate a deeper and more intelligent and scholarly consideration of linguistic studies. C. K. C.



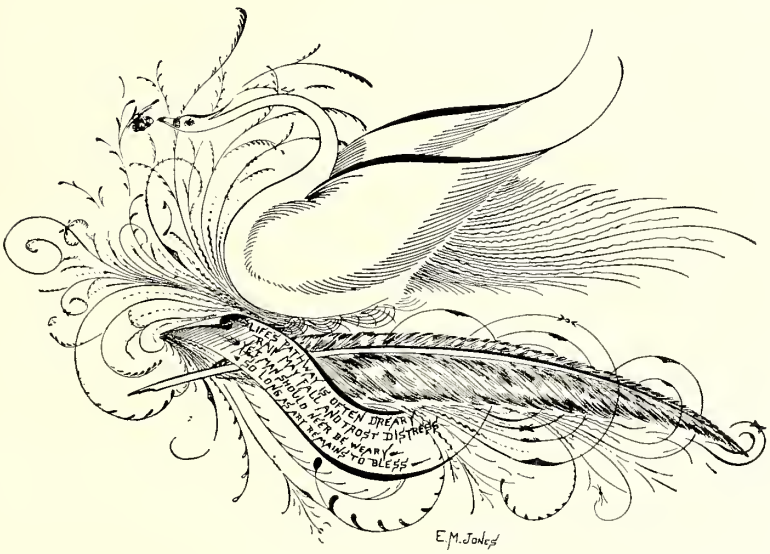
The Studio

BELIEVING as he did, in the force of labor, Sir Joshua Reynolds held that "artistic excellence however expressed by genius, taste, or the gift of Heaven, may be acquired by painstaking toil and perseverance." While it is encouraging to be assured that by industry and perseverance the highest distinction in art may be achieved, it is equally true that without inborn genius, no amount of mere industry will make an artist.

All painters are not artists, and there are many artists who do not paint. The gift comes by nature, but it must be perfected by culture. Few think of the labor and long years of training necessary for the accomplishment of the work that looks so simple and easy when completed. Titian worked for seven years

almost daily on his "Last Supper," while his celebrated "Pietro Martire" was eight years in hand.

Mere precocity or facility of expression does not often achieve permanent success or lasting fame. Hogarth said that "true painting can be learned in only one school and that is kept by nature. Though one may not be ambitious for an artistic "career," and though life be all too brief for the perfecting of more than one gift of nature," yet there surely is time for a sufficient training of eye and hand to enable one to perceive more intelligently the beauties of nature and to appreciate more fully the masterpieces of Art. In the "Attic Studio" both genius and talent are daily made to recognize their possibilities and limitations under the tutelage of the teachers, who so successfully are seeking to train the heart to feel, the eye to see, and the hand to execute.





Officers

Captain	Fletcher S. Scott
1st Lieutenant	J. Fulton VanVoorhis
2nd Lieutenant	John L. Randall
President	Karl O. Burrer

Apparatus Committee

F. M. Tidd
Prof. C. W. Chamberlain
Dr. H. R. Hundley

Trustees

Prof. W. H. Boughton
F. M. Tidd
Dr. H. R. Hundley
C. D. Hayden
A. N. Nettleman



Social Culture Club

The Social Culture Club has offered this year the following well known lectures:—

"How to get on a chair quickly and gracefully if a mouse happens to appear."

"How to ascend the spiral stairway at Burton Hall without getting the vertigo."

An illustrated lecture on "The art and method of saying goodbye." "When a young lady feels that the last moment has come for taking leave, she should grasp the door knob firmly with the left hand, lean slightly to the northwest, extend the right hand resolutely forward, keeping the face well protected from the evening breeze, assume thoughtfully an 'auf wiedersehen' look and say:—'My dear Mr. Smith, it has given me the *utmost*

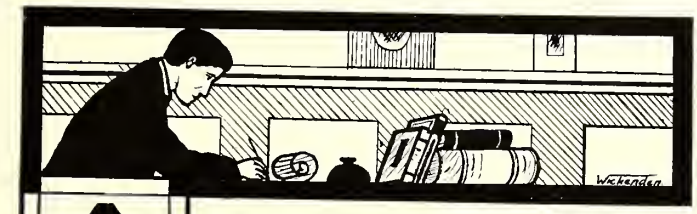
pleasure to have your most delightful company and I *must* say that I have had the *loveliest* time'— here she should touch the extended hand of the other half of the combination with the tips of her fingers and the scene should close without further delay."

Hazy indeed must be the understanding of one who cannot see the advantages of such modern methods. To tell all that Social Culture is accomplishing would require volumes; to tell less is an injustice to the noble work.




Publications





ADYTUM·1903

Literary Corps

W. E. WICKENDEN - - Editor-in-Chief

Associates

ELIZABETH COLWELL
FAYE MARLOWE
JANET JONES
RUTH DRAKE
CHARLES F. BURKE
ORVILLE C. MONTGOMERY

HUGH R. HICK - - Art Editor

Business Corps

FRED B. MOORE, - - - - Manager

HORACE H. WALL
HERBERT D. MCKIBBEN
EDWARD B. LOUGHRIDGE



DENISONIAN

Editors

WALTER L. FLORY, '03

V. ERNEST FIELD, 03

Associates

CHARLES F. BURKE, '04

ALFRED M. COLBY, '05

J. WHITCOMB SHEPARDSON, '05

MYRA PELLENS, '05

CORINNE A. METZ '03

JOHN A. CHERNEY, '05

FRED S. LARUE, '04

JANET JONES, '04

RUTH E. MCKIBBEN, '05

RALPH B. MILLER, '05

The Journal of Comparative Neurology

EDITED BY

C. L. HERRICK, PH. D. - - - Albuquerque, N. M.

ASSOCIATED WITH

OLIVER S. STRONG, PH. D. - Columbia University

C. JUDSON HERRICK, PH. D. - - Denison University

C. JUDSON HERRICK - - Managing Editor

This publication is issued from the Department of Neurology of Denison and is a recognized authority the world over in neurological science. It contains original memoirs upon the anatomy and physiology of the nervous system, together with critical reviews of current literature upon these subjects.

Bulletin of the Scientific Laboratories of Denison University

W. W. STOCKBERGER, - - - - - Editor

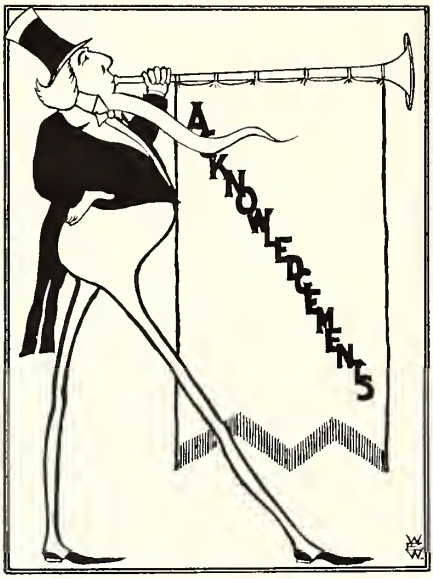
The BULLETIN is the official organ of the Denison Scientific Association and affords a means of publication for the work of original research carried on in the University laboratories. Twelve volumes have been issued, embodying many original contributions to science. It numbers among its exchanges many of the foremost publications of scientific societies of all countries.

The University Catalogue

Edited by - - - - PROF. W. H. JOHNSON

Hand Book of the Christian Associations

Published annually in the summer recess and sent to prospective students. It contains such information as is of value to young men and women who are entering the University.



The success of the 1903 Adytum is directly attributable to the generous spirit of co-operation and interest manifested throughout the University. Especially does the editor wish to thank his associates and others of the class of 1904 for their unfailing support and assistance.

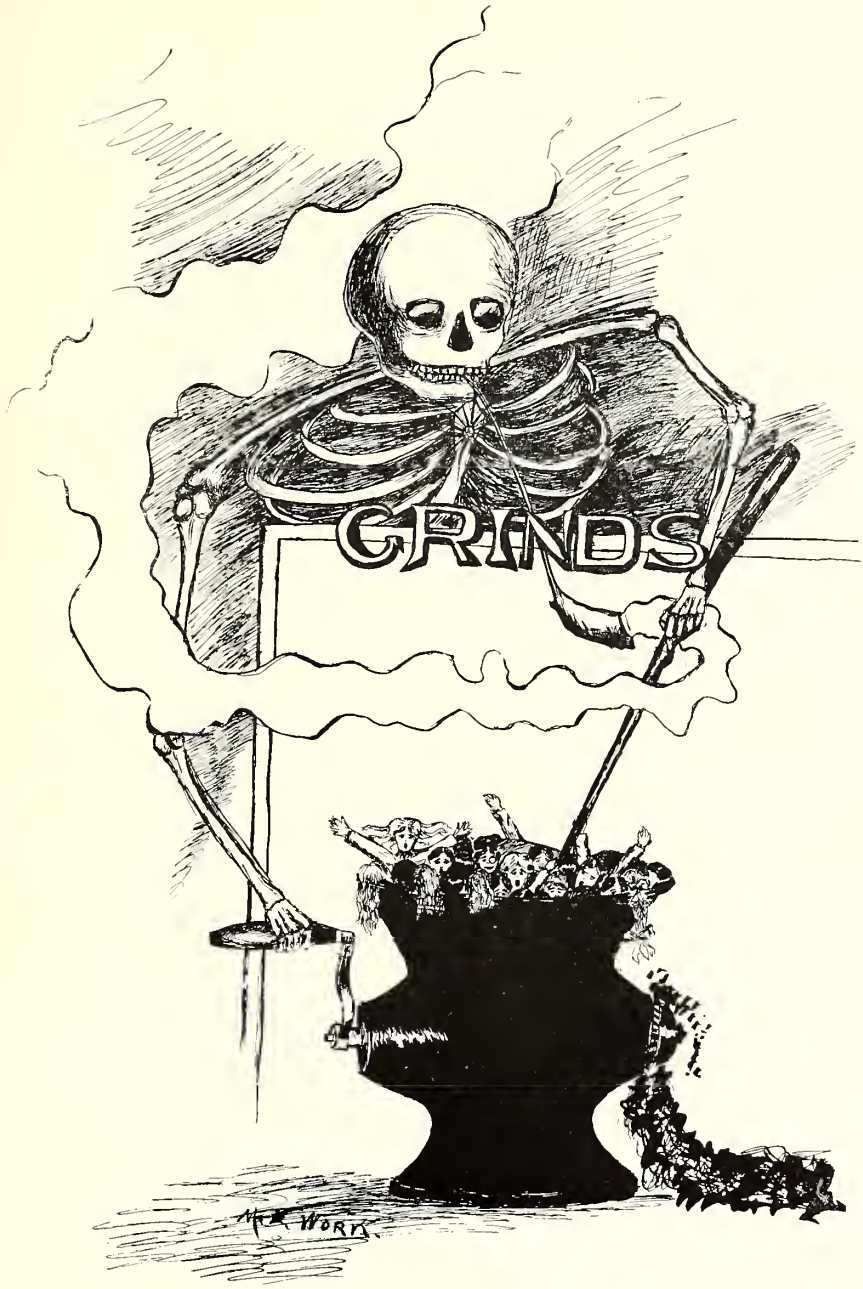
We gratefully acknowledge the assistance of our literary contributors, Miss Ruth McKibben, Miss Clara MacDonald, Miss Edith Work, Charles C. Patterson, V. Ernest Field and Oren I. Dusthimer. The success of the Art Department is due to the excellent work of Miss Amy Dodson, Mr. E. Maurice Jones, Miss Ruth McKibben, Miss Edith Work and our friends of the Art Faculty, Miss Howland and Miss Thorne, for many helpful suggestions and evidences of kindly interest.

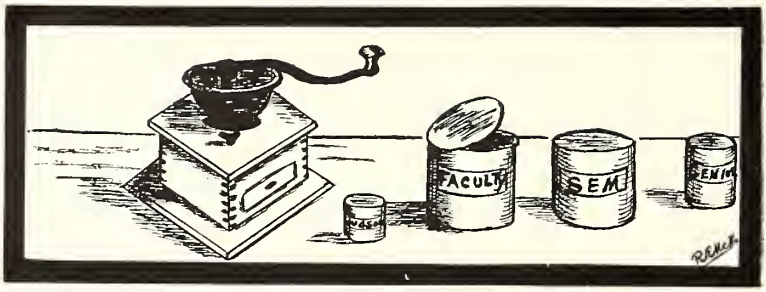
The courtesy and careful work of our engravers, the Barnes-Crosby Company, and of our publishers, the Champlin Printing Company, has been of great value and helpfulness.

Indeed there is much which can not be mentioned here which has helped to make the editor's work pleasant and effective and in conclusion may we be allowed to express our most grateful appreciation of the assistance of all who have shared our endeavor to make this volume a worthy epitome of a good year.

W. E. WICKENDEN, *Editor-in-chief.*




GRINDS



Would You Like to See:—

Kibbie get hoarse at a football game,
Willie's jokes never twice the same;
Gil wear overalls to class,
Vance take an easy study and pass;
Nettleman never get off a pun,
Cherney hit a big man then run;
Juddie with his hair combed down,
Sprout resembling less a clown;
Amos make his wee voice heard,
Dignified Hick do something absurd;
Zimmerman grow both broad and fat,
E. M. Jones in a stove pipe hat;
Bunny Spencer not so easy,
Swipes's voice grow weak and wheezy;
Lee Shepard singing "My Rosalie,"
Field and West go off on a spree;
Gaston display a little good sense,
"Good-hair" a little less wisdom dispense;
Algeo able to talk and recite,
John Swartz really say something bright;
Carman and Willie and Whallon with hair,
Denison shutting out Delaware;
A class who victorious can ever surpass
The unequalled record of the Junior class.

So the Sages Say

Villian and he are many miles asunder. — *Fowle.*

His limbs were cast in manly mould,
For hardy sports or contest bold.
— *F. S. L.*

And oft I have heard defended,
Little said is soonest mended.
— *Amos.*

The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers.— *Rittenhouse.*

Give them, I exhort you, their guerdon and glory,
For daring so much before they well did it.
— *The poor Sophs.*

Thy stately pine is still unbent,
Tho' many a goodly bough is rent.
— *Prof. W. A. C.*

A rosebud set with little willful thorns.— *Rosalie.*

His ready speech flowed fair and free
On phrase of gentle courtesy.
— *Dr. Hundley.*

The sweetest garland to the sweetest maid. — *Elizabeth Thornton.*

His stately mien as well implied,
A high born heart, a martial pride.
— *Prexy.*

Dark lowering brow and visage stern. — *Juddie.*

I am the very pink of courtesy. — *Mr. Cluff.*

Stabbed by a white wench's dark eye. — *Orcutt.*

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these — "It might have been."
— *Crippen's mustache.*


TUTTUT-TUT-TUT-" ETC.

Some Foot Ball Commandments

The following are taken from the Book of Stanton, Chap. II., verses 1-7 inclusive.

1. Thou shalt have no other duty before the gridiron.

2. Thou shalt take upon thyself no mental exertions neither any likeness unto extra studies.

3. Remember the practice hour to get out early.

4. Thou shalt not partake of any pie or cake neither candy nor any other sweet thing that thy days may be long on the line up of the varsity.

5. Thou shalt in no wise indulge in the weed.

6. Thou shalt not tarry after thy recitation, but shalt go straightway unto the field.

7. Banquets and feeds thou shalt diligently avoid. "Bums" are an abomination in the eyes of the coach.

A merrier man
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.

—*Prof. Willie.*

Prof. Boughton, — "Mr. Algeo, if it depended on you to hold up this end of the bridge and you were not there, how much would you be holding?"

Algeo.— "Er — ah — I — don't — know, professor."

(Do you wonder that Billie left?)

A head, pure, sinless quite of brain or soul, —
The very image of a barber's pole. — *L. H. Burr.*

Willie.— "Now, Mr. Shepardson, can you tell me what makes more noise in a house than a baby?"

Shep. —"Don't know, professor."

Willie.— Br-r-r-h! That's easy, Mr. Shepardson, it's two babies.

Beard is not a true standard of brains. —*Nickels.*

Hayden (in Geology), — "The reptiles of the Jurassic period had eyes with which they saw."

For to the highest she did aspyre,
Or, if aught higher than that, did it desyre.
— *Elsie H.*

Prof. Watson,— "Mr. A., what were some of the fauna of this period?"

Mr. A.— "There is only one I remember — Cryptograms.

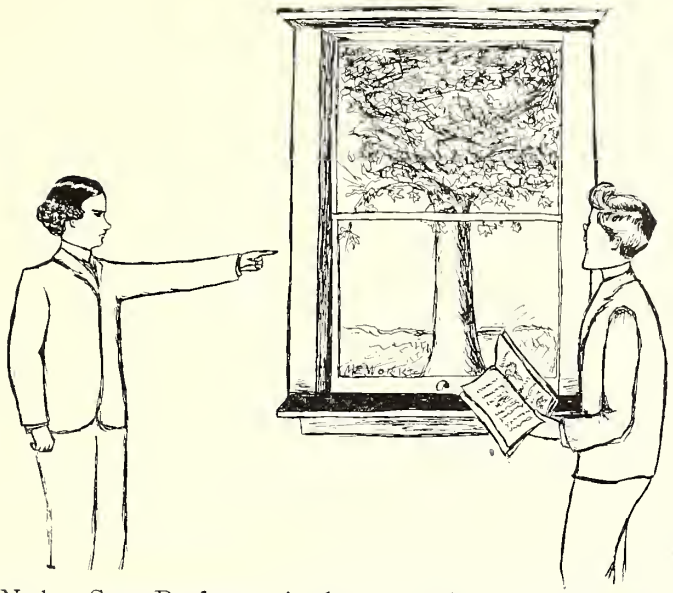
Prof. W.— "And what kind may that be, sir?"

Mr. A. —"A marine invertebrate, I think."

Sin of self love possesseth all mine eye,
And all my soul and all my every part.
— *H. Flanagan.*

God bless thy lungs, good knight! — *Vance.*

The women praised his stately form
Though wrecked by many a winter's storm.
— *Daddy Barnes.*



Ned.— Say, Professor, is that a maple tree out there?

Prof.— A maple tree! Why, man, that's a Pzlgrlandkarten-fabrickterniceng, unumschränktegewalt.

Modesty is a virtue that knows him not at all.

— *Powers*

She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on.

— *Amy L. D.*

Miss Montgomery.— "Miss Ferguson, give an example of Paradox."

Miss F.—"Thompson and Cook."

Prex.— That's right, put it down on paper so that you can keep it in mind.

Gengnagel (in History),— "Professor Carman, I am indebted to you for all I know about this subject."

Prof. C.— "Pray do not mention so trifling a favor."

How long, oh, Lord! how long!

— *Zimmerman.*

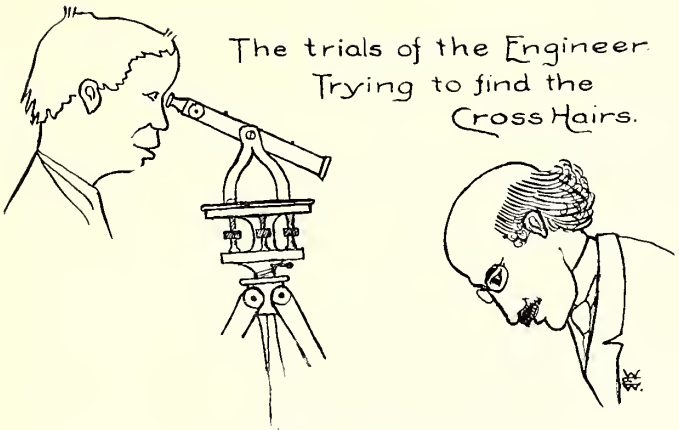


WHO KILLED THE BANQUET?

Who killed the banquet?
I, said Pat Flanagan,
For Belle, I repeat again
I killed the banquet.

Who killed the banquet?
I, said Abe Flory,
With my Denisonian story,
I killed the banquet.

Who killed the banquet,
We, said the committee,
Alas! *'Twas a pity,*
But we killed the banquet.



A Valentine

Cupid is alert to-day.
Mr. Cluff, do not delay!
Arise, awake, be up and doing,
You have been too long in wooing.

Professor (in Logic)—"What is the universal negative?"
Student.—"Not prepared."

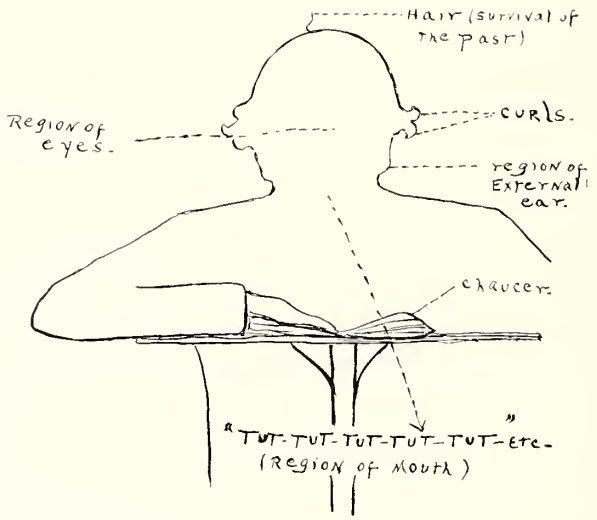
Examination problem in Freshman A.

A tree 150 ft. high stands on the bank of a river 500 ft wide. Determine by Sturm's theorem the number and location of the roots.

It is amusing how he muses,
How the poetry just oozes
From the many convolutions
Of his classic cultured brain.

—*V. E. Field.*

Prof. Willie—"Mr. McK., have you a sister?"
Mr. McK.—"Yes, sir."
Prof. Willie—"Well she's a girl then. Now what does she like to play with better than anything else?"
Mr. McK.—"The boys."



By Way of Diagram

"For we aim to make things highly diagrammatic and not to make a picture."

An Hour in History

Time 2:30 P. M. Subject under discussion being, "The Survival of the Fittest, or How my Family happened to come to America."

The members of the class assemble promptly, except Nixon and Nettleman. The last named gentleman comes shuffling in with a long raveling of Clark's O. N. T. hanging from his coat. Of course Wall is kind enough to pull out the thread which happens in this case to be of unusual length. Nettleman looks dazed but manages to pull himself together in time for roll call. Carman arises from his chair, pushes his arms out of his coatsleeves, fastens his cuffs securely, extends his finger dramatically and begins. "When my great, great grandfather landed in this glorious republic,"—(here Sprout, Nettleman and Chaffee on the front row, get out their note books and copy assiduously), the professor pauses momentarily and then proceeds, "When they landed from the Mayflower on that cold and dreary coast, * * but since this may be of interest to some I will ask Mr. Burke to step to the board and point out this historic spot on the map." The gentleman mentioned advances to the front part of the room and says, looking slyly at the men on the front row, "Professor is there not a pointer that I could use?"

Carman pulls his sideburns and looks savagely around the room. "Yes, there were two pointers here not later than yesterday and it is strange what could have become of them. You will have to use your finger."

—In the meantime one of the fellows on the front row whispers audibly, "What's he kicking about? A man's supposed to get a few pointers when he comes to class."

"Yes, Mr. Burke, that large red spot on the map is the exact place where my noble ancestor first broke the stillness of the primeval forest. That will do."

"The influence those men had on the history of our country is only comparable to that exerted by the French Huguenots."

"And by the way, Mr. La Rue, I believe you are of Huguenot descent.

"Yes, yes. Mr. La Rue is one of our most estimable young men."

"So you see my young friends the result of evolution. When God wants to make an oak he takes an hundred years, when he makes a squash he takes,— ———

"Well, let me see. —— Mr. Olmsted can you tell me the exact time that we marked on our calender that it takes a squash to mature? Forgot? Now I want you to understand that some of you fellows must grasp these important questions or you will get into difficulty at the end of the term."

—"Mr. Gengnagel you come next. You may recite on this, please."

Mr. G. "Six weeks."

"Exactly, sir. I am pleased that some are getting a hold on these matters anyhow," * * at this point of the discussion, Nettleman, who has received permission to leave early makes preparation for departure, but finds hat, books, and everything gone. He blandly picks up Carman's hat, but is politely informed that it was not made for communal purposes, so he has to leave with unprotected head piece.

After one or two more excellent recitations (out of the book) from the fellows in the back of the room, the hour ends.

"But before dismissal, I have several outlines of my recent lecture that I will be pleased to give you by calling at my desk."

A look of horror spreads on every face, and a wild rush for the door soon ends the scene and the hour.



Dedicated to Dr. Hunt by his shivering pupils Dec. 8, 1902.

"It is so very, very cold,"
The pupils all did say,
"We really, really cannot learn
Philosophy to-day."

Then Dr. Hunt did sweetly smile
And shivering did say,
"Since it's so very, very cold,
We'd better bide a wee."

Prof. Watson — "Well now, Mr. Olmsted, wake up. We shall soon have some ice up here so that you can put some of it on your head. But until it comes you must try and brace up."

"For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe."— *Alpha Omega.*

Professor of Ornithology (during *Field* work),— "Now look in that tree, there are two birds making love."

Sweet young girl,— "Oh! Let's go on! I think it's a shame to watch them."

Oh! had the malt thy strength of mind
Or hops the flavor of thy wit,
'Twere drink for first of human kind.
— *A. M. Colby.*

Bunny Spencer's Logic:—

A is larger than B,
C is smaller than A,
Therefore, A is smaller than C.

Truly this is a most wonderful and useful science.



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Hammer Him Wall
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Devilish Hot Powers
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F. B. Amos
A. N. Nettleman



"If you don't know how to draw a thing, draw it as it looks."

Dr. Hunt,— "Mr. Sproull, can you illustrate the difficulty in the introspective method of Psychology?"

Sproull,— "States of consciousness are very changeable; for example, I may be very happy, but the instant I think of Psychology and try to analyze my feeling it is gone."

Strange! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.— *Belle Newton.*

Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run amuck, and tilt at all I meet.
— *Janet Jones.*

A prince I was, blue eyed and fair of face,
Of temper amorous as the month of May.
— *Sproull.*

All studies here I solemnly defy.— *Fuller.*

The breaking of so great a thing
Should make a greater crack.— *Olmsted.*

G-n-v-e S-p-d, (Reading "Wallenstein"),— "Professor, shall I take Max?"

Professor happens to be a friend of the family and gives a smiling assent.

Heart on her lips and soul within her eyes.—*Helen C.*

A shallow brain behind a senior's mask.— *Gengnagel.*

Prof. Willie,— Oh! they're legion! Well, maybe not legion, but over a dozen any way.

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Vinton Ernest Field
Professor of Osculatics.

Howard Edward Flanagan
Professor of Personal Affinity.

Allan Nichols Nettleman
Professor of Proposalitics.

Edwin C. Roberts
Professor of Squeezology.

William Haslett Sproull
King Professor of Schemistry.

Irving Angell Field
Instructor in Cardiac Diagnosis and Symptomology.

James Roe Burt
Demonstrator in Osculatics.

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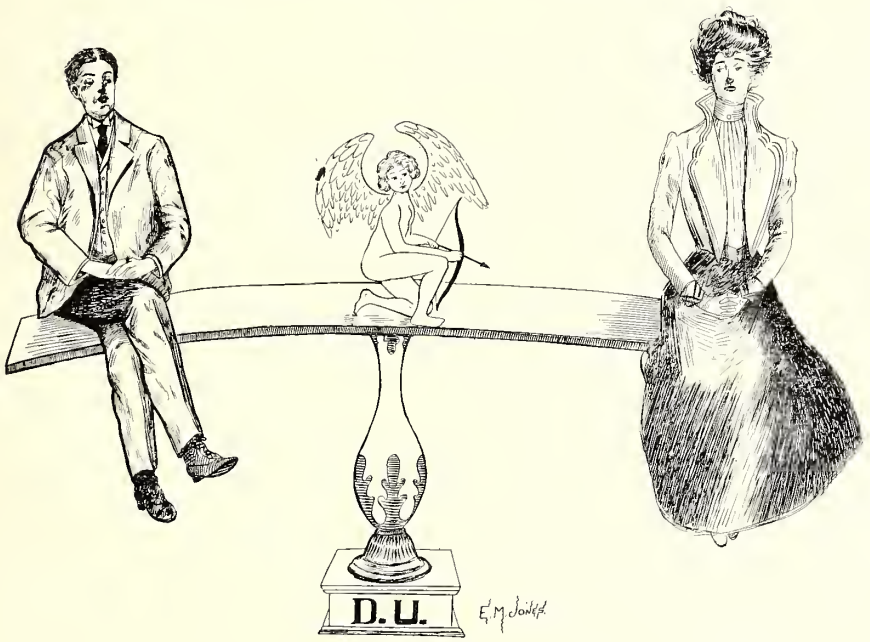
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Cicero Grinds

McDonell: "My thoughts are greater than I can express." Send them by freight.

Morley: Our "Quack."

Smith gets up early in the morning to see if the sun rises on time.

Charles: "A big bag of little wind."

Brown: "The speech I did not make."

Starrett pointing out things of interest to Hazen: "There is A. Kite!" Hazen: "I don't C. Kite."

The night was dark and dreary,
The clouds were bright with splendor,
And o'er the raging "Erie,"
They float from hands so tender.

— *Olsen.*

My thoughts are not gay,
For they are but Grey.

— *Shinn.*

Wanted: "A wife and a mustache."— Bethel.

Willis: "My pa's corn grows up to the eaves of a house."

Lewis: "Our all-round man."

Luse: "The man who never gets tight."

Vance: "Big cry, little wool."

Harner: "Why be so gloomy?"

Colby: "A child of meekness."

Ashmore: "A bonnie laddye loved by all ye maydes."

Hill: "A bright and shining light, known and read (red) before all men."

Tracy: "How-some-ever not-with-standing but as still yet ———— ————-.

Conditt: "A fit and misfit, musician."

Rogers: "A man of uncommon sense."

Cox: "An odorless, colorless, tasteless gas."

Railsback: "I wish," ahem! "to say a few words." Ahem!

The Epic of the Fiddler

Once there was a noble fiddler,
Lived within a certain mansion,
Owned a little chair of black oak,
Owned a chair of wood most precious.
And the mighty tribe of Euterpes,
Tribe of Euterpes gave an extra,
Used that fiddler's room to dress in,
Did not touch a thing within it;
But that chair it turned up missing.
Then out stalked that mighty fiddler,
Raging, raving in his madness,
In his heart was mighty anger.
For that chair was very precious.
Then a gentle Euterpe met him,
Said, "Behold me, I'm a Euterpe,
But our tribe has not been meddling,
Has not seen that chair nor touched it."
Then back to his chamber stalked he,
And the gentle Euterpe left him;
But within his heart he muttered
There was no one else to touch it,
Touch that chair of wood most precious.

Then up rose the tribe of Euterpe,
Searched they long to find the culprit,
Find the culprit who had done this,
Carried off this chair most precious.
Many weary days they searched thus,
And at last they found the sinner;
Found he was not of their number,
Found him one of those most honored,
Honored by this mighty fiddler.
Then they said unto that fiddler,
Thus our chief has spoken to us:
"Now you must return, my people,
Go back to your quiet dwellings,
You must think no more upon it,
You must not do evil to him,
To this fiddler who has wronged us,
He is young and knows not better,
And he will no longer wrong us,
For once more in his possession
Is that chair by him so treasured,
Is that chair of wood most precious."

Guess Who

A maiden fair
With sun-kissed hair,
Came tripping down the street,
Her smile serene,
Her age sixteen,
Gee Whiz! But she was sweet.
On sidewalk slick,
She came down quick,
With a bump that shook her curls,
But the language she used
Must be excused,
For she's one of our nicest girls.

Prof. (?) Carman (calling the roll), — Miss Wylie, — Miss Wyly — — Ah! The young ladies are in Newark to-day having their landscapes taken.

"An aching void" — John Cherney with a headache.

1st Student, — "Did you know that Sproull had met with an accident?"

2nd Student,— "Heavens! what was it?"

1st Student, — "Why, he went out duck hunting and shot one."

Wall, —"They say that ladies who desire to keep their hands soft sleep with gloves on.

Moore, — "Huh! I wonder if "Gaston" sleeps with his hat on?"

Tidd (in German), — "This class embraces no feminines."

Irving's Characteristics

NAME	DISPOSITION	BRAIN CAPACITY	CRIES FOR	NEEDS
Fowl (e)	To Crow	Phenomenal	Corn	Comb
Burr	Egotistical	Declining	Any old girl	Squelch
Loughridge	Lazy	Slowly Developing	Perfect Recitation	New inspiration
Work	Conceited	? ? ? ? ? ?	Little work	Fat developer
Bob-tail (er)	Sociable	Large for its size	Something to do	Rag doll, with a green bonnet
Davis	Harmless	Expansitory	Never cries	French "pony"
Orcutt	Angelic	Fair	"Castoria"	A nurse
Mears	Beelzebubic	Doubtful	Larger Brain	Leg straightener
Guy C.	Soft	All gone to whiskers	"Mellin's Food"	Razor
Bull	Variable	Has none	Pink pills for pale people	Horns
Pain	Mischievous	Unascertained	"Nixon's Pain Cure"	Paregoric
Loose	Luse	In Embryo	Butter-milk	Tightening
Sanborn	Jolly	Supposed to be large	All play and no work	More sand
Wells	Sulky	Deep	Water	Pump
Spencer	Plutonic	Infinitissimus	Chicken pie	Hobby horse
Mitchell	Tardy	Questionable	Go-Cart	More pancakes
Beck	Vicious	Very degenerate	Admiration	Bubble in his tink tank
Ditto	Silly	Double	More just like it	New name
Godfrey	Gentle	Has a screw loose	Pancakes	Assistant
Carmen	Satanic	Minus zero	Another nurse	A rattle
Pshaw	Musical	Fair	Cabbage	Condensed milk
Cornell	Peevish	Withering	Pretzels	A mustache Tonic
Douglass	Feminine	Boundless	Girls	Chart of the Sem.
Goodwin	Patient	Reduced to absurdity	To be literary	Ideas
Rev.Runyan,D.D.	Heavenly	Insignificant	More speed	A girl who has never been in love
Erler	Timid	Increasing	New doll	A stiff upper lip
Purinton	Fretful	Limitless	Just one girl	Chaperon
Haines	Calm	Freakish	More trade	Starch
Tom P.	Girlish	A Cipher	Cecilia H	A large reception room
Irwin	Nervous	Better Yet	Automobile	"Frog in the throat"
McMillen	Domestic	Never had any	Perambulator	To study
Romeo J.	Phlegmatic	Left it at home	Limburger	Salted Peanuts
Lloyd	Saintly	Gone up in smoke	Common sense	To be teased
Johnson	Untried	Minus Minus	More flunks	A lenient professor

D. U. Nursery Rhymes

Dan Rittenhouse to college came
His cheeks were black with hair.
Alas! He feared the angry Sophs,
And now it is not there.

Sing a song of Willie,
The prof of wit profound,
We often wish he'd crack his jokes
When no one is around.

There is a prep teacher named White,
Who does all his classes afright,
With gesticulations
And vocalizations,
In which he takes boundless delight.

Karl Burrer, an innocent youth,
Expounds mathematical truth.
He tries to look wise,
But reveals by his sighs
That his heart is in Johnstown, forsooth.

A scientist wise is Prof. Stocky.
He makes flunker's paths very rocky.
With acids and gases,
He displays to his classes
The marvelous knowledge of Stocky.

King Prex had gone to Cleveland to try to raise some money,
Old Dick was telling stories which he thought very funny,
Prof. Willie on the gridiron where gore so freely flows,
He tried to make a drop kick and fell upon his nose.

Who is What and Why at Denison

GEORGE FITCH MCKIBBEN.

Born in Lima, S. A., 1851. Transplanted to Ohio at the age of ten. Instructor in Greek and Latin in Denison University 1876-'79. Previously officer (?) in Franco-German war, where he learned correct military posture. Wounded at battle of the "Kegs." Returned to America and has since taught all the known languages, beside several unknown. Author of "Property Rights," "Early Life of Paul," and several soul-inspiring songs among which are the "Marseillaise," "Dormez vous, Dormez vous," and "Rescue the Perishing." Sometime Prof. of military tactics. Very jovial disposition and prone to disregard existing rules. His merry laugh and winning manners make him a favorite in the class-room.

WILLIAM HANNIBAL JOHNSON.

Born in Indian Territory, 1860. One of the causes of Secession, and one of the few children in arms during that momentous struggle. Was a born athlete and gymnast. Physical director at Denison University and held like position at Johns Hopkins University in the early nineties. Introduced "Flynn system" into Shepardson College. Candidate of Gold Democrats for Governor of Ohio. Since then has been known as the "Knight of the Rueful Countenance." Great book-reviewer. Connected with the "New York Sun" and other luminaries. Author of several text-books, which are generally (red).

Unawed by power, uninfluenced by fame, he stands throughout life, the fearless advocate of human liberty.

CHARLES LUELLA WILLIAMS, D. D.

Born in Patterson, N J., where he early distinguished himself as an orator and as a leader of men. Entered Princeton University at the early age of twelve. Represented his "Alma

Mater" in the inter-collegiate Oratorical Contest, where he reported for the college paper. Forced to leave school in his Sophomore year on account of an unfortunate love affair. Spent a year teaching music in the rural districts, also taught at Pennington Seminary and later at Peddie Institute. Devoted several years as traveling salesman for the firm of Carman & Williams, manufacturers of "One Night Hair Restorer." Resumed teaching and lecturing. Delivered the oration at opening of Gettysburg Cemetery. Here it was that his great oratorical abilities had full sway, here in the presence of the mighty dead, and the "mighty near dead." Director of "Willie's Senior Circus," and other menageries. The future only knows what is in store for a man of his precocity. Bu—rr.



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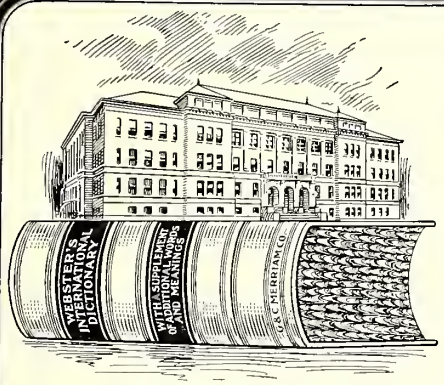
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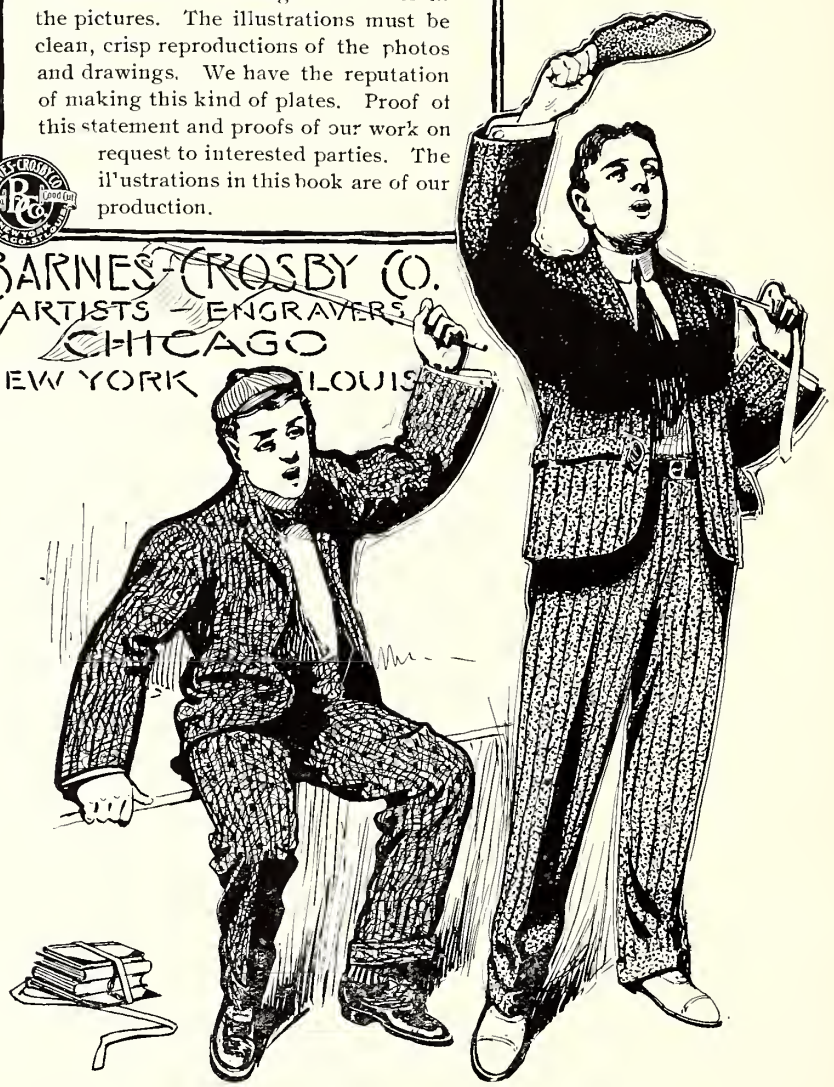
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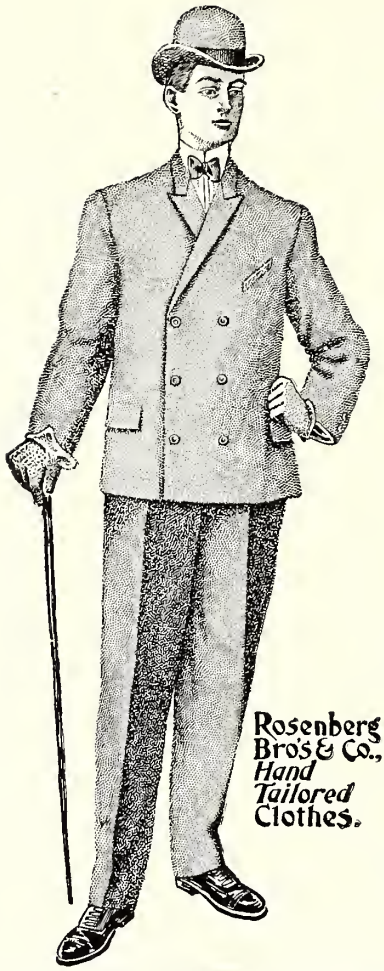
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